



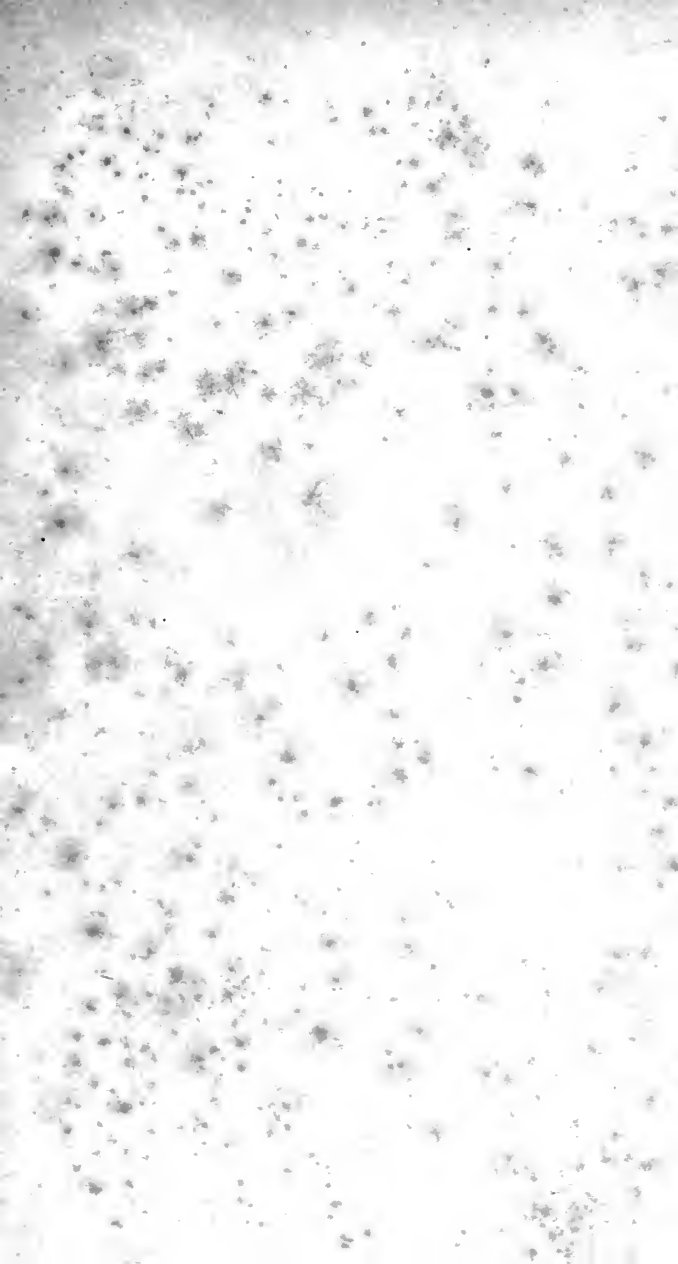
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POEMS,

BY

H. W. PARKER.

AUBURN:

JAMES M. ALDEN, 67 GENESEE ST.

1850.

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1850

"Do you condemn these verses I have written,  
Because they tell no story false or true !  
What, though no mice are captured by a kitten,  
May it not leap and play as grown cats do,  
Till its claws come? Prithee, for this one time  
Content thee with a visionary rhyme."

*Proem to "Witch of Atlas."*

And "with the fairy tales of science."

*"Locksley Hall."*



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*Please, with a pencil,*

On page 44, line 11th, after "borrow" insert "a beauty."

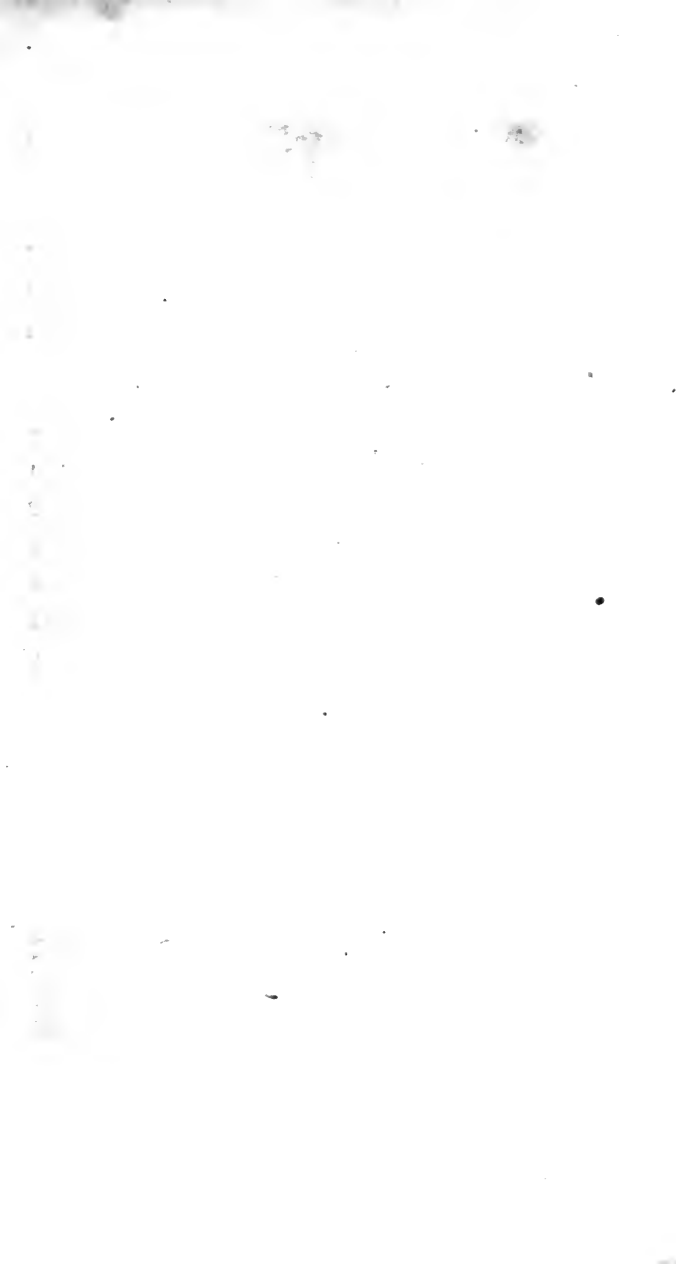
" " 51, " 6th, after "gave" insert "me."

" " 87, last line, after "am" insert "I."

" " 130, line 16th, for "thro' the trees" write "in the leaves."

" " 144, " 11th, after "And it" insert "is."

NOTE.—The other few errors will correct themselves; the excuse for them is, the book was required to be printed in the space of three weeks, and the author could not see a 'revised proof.' At the hint of another, it may be here intimated that the poem "More Light" is a pleasantry, suggested by an engraving; and it has no more resemblance in its aim than in its execution, to the well-known poem "Excelsior." It may be added, also, that the "Vision of Shelley's Death" coincides with the opinion, now prevailing, that Shelley was a literal monomaniac on the subject of Christianity.



CREATIONS.



## THE POETS' REVEILLE.

---

RAP ! rap ! at the tapping of the drum,  
What a host of living poets come !  
From the north and south, the east and west,  
In a thousand sorts of armor drest,  
Mounted and afoot, in twos and threes,  
In battalions, troops and companies,  
On they press, an endless motley train,  
To the authors' boundless battle-plain.  
Every month now brings its rhyming score ;  
Let them come !—the merrier the more ;  
Let them form in line wherever found,  
Roll the drum and let the trumpet sound !

Long enough the world has seen a race  
Sitting on the heights of power and place,  
Filling all the valleys with a throng  
That, in pride of reason, scorn the song  
Flowing from the heart in tones subdued,  
Like the murmurs of a solitude.  
They are prosy men of common sense,  
Who have ears alone for jingling pence ;  
But their vaunted rule shall come to naught,  
At the touch of words—the flash of thought.  
What is false and foul to them is due ;  
We will throne the Beautiful and True ;  
We will vote them down, and laugh them down,  
Seize the power and gold, and wear the crown.  
When the swarming poets have their way,  
Then the world will see a merry day !

Beat ! beat ! at the greeting of the drum,  
Let the countless tuneful army come !  
Fight with iron hymns like Cromwell's host ;  
At your paper, you are at your post ;  
Every poet-knight may have his page ;  
Children-poets have their cutting edge ;

Pour around your volumes, dense and hot—  
Clouds of smoke, if you are out of shot ;  
Fire away, like Indians, under cover,  
While around the enemy you hover.  
Printers and the Press will furnish all—  
' Shooting-stick,' and ' carriage,' and a ' ball,'  
' Cannon,' ' pica ' for your pikes and staves,  
And a ' coffin ' for your soldier-graves.

Rouse, then ! form in ' column ' and in ' line,'  
All who have the faculty divine.  
Tum ! tum ! still we beat the poets' drum,  
Still we welcome you—there yet is room !  
With such weapons as you have at hand,  
For your rights and writings bravely stand.  
Choose your martial music at your pleasure—  
Alexandrine or heroic measure ;  
Tribrauchs for your pibrochs sound at will ;  
Ana-pæst may find a lover still ;  
Blank verse is not always blank of shot,  
And a ballad adds a ball, I wot.  
So with poetry for musketry,  
Pasquinade a cannonade shall be,  
And a sentry, brave as Sancho Panza,

Shout his "Stand, sir!" in his halting stanza.

Courage, hearts! and stoutly march along,  
Strong in numbers, in our leaders strong—  
Leaders?—look you, while I just rehearse  
Some of these in quick and jingling verse—  
Not in order of their rightful place,  
But as in the crowd we catch a face.

First, an honored chief, behold a Bryant,  
Who, without "a stretching," is a giant,  
Not with knotty club and lion's hide,  
But, a polished sabre by his side,  
And in Yankee regimentals dight,  
He will calmly rule the stormy fight.

Next, the poet of 'Evangeline,'  
In an olden suit of armor, clean  
And so burnished that you see your face,  
Ay, and heart, as clear as in a glass.  
Braver knight, more gallant, pure and true,  
Never to the shock of battle flew.

Willis, yonder, on a subtle pacer



Glides along as fast as any racer.  
On his shield is many a bright device ;  
Feathers of the Bird of Paradise  
Flaunt adown his helmet for a plume.  
Gayest in the field and drawing-room,  
He has won and he can wield in war  
That same fabled Eastern scimitar  
Magic-tempered, and of edge so keen,  
It will cleave a foe, unfelt, unseen !  
General Morris with him, side by side,  
Sworn to die together, forth they ride—  
Morris who our hearts can well inspire  
With his jeweled sword and silver lyre.

Now, make room for Lowell—room for three,  
For, with power to change his nature, he  
Can assume the droll militia-man,  
Or can dash—a trooper in the van,  
Charging on the critics at a canter ;  
Or can lay aside his stinging banter,  
“ Turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,”  
And, astride that courser fabulous,  
Mount the skies and, scorning spur or whip,  
“ Witch the world with noble horsemanship.”

Dana, once, upon a spirit-horse,  
Followed all the windings of Remorse ;  
Now he stands apart, a hero tall,  
With a word of sympathy for all  
Who are warring with a jarring life,  
And are weary of its wasting strife.

Surgeon of the poet-army—Holmes  
Next is here to fire his squibs and bombs ;  
Skilled in all explosive chemistry,  
He can "slay with laughter," healthy glee,  
Double-shots his guns, and, sure to hit,  
Plays away a battery of wit.

Saxe, too, comes with sacks of powder-puns—  
Ammunition for a hundred guns ;  
And he wields with ease his satire's sword,  
Every stroke a smoothly cutting word.

Unlike them, bold Whittier mounts a steed,  
All the wing'd artillery to lead,  
And with vollies of his red-hot rain,  
Like a whirlwind sweeps the battle-plain.

Halleck garnered glory with the Greeks ;  
Strong his arm and weather-worn his cheeks ;  
And his hand is trained alike to throw  
Humor's torch, or strike the lyric blow.

Street, too, takes the war-path—knows the trail ;  
His foot, glance and arrow never fail ;  
With an eagle eye and panther's tread,  
Forest, lake and mountain he will thread,  
Leading, cheering us with whoop and dance  
Thro' the mazes of a wild romance.

Hoffman is no less a hunter true ;  
Woodland glades he loves, and waters blue ;  
Is at home with rifle, rod and oar,  
Knows the Indian's guile and fairy lore,  
And the camp-fire's hour he wings along  
With a legend or a sparkling song.

Tuckerman, the perfect gentleman,  
Represents the court of " good Queen Anne ;"  
Far too few the scions of his race—  
Men in velvet cloaks and golden lace,

Who can use their swords with skill and grace.

Bayard Taylor, with his Alpine staff,  
Better loves the higher air to quaff,  
Climbs the mountain's dizziest peak, to light  
Beacons that shall redden on the night,  
Cheer the longing spirit like a star,  
And awake the world to noble war.

Emerson, the prose-poet, should be here,  
Lending us his Grecian soul and spear;  
But he won't keep step, and hurries so,  
He is out of sight—so let him go!

Oh, one's drumdom for a muster-roll,  
Just to name each noble poet-soul!  
How their very names the drum-head jars!—  
Tragic Boker, bright with princely stars;  
Wallace, striding like a modern Mars;  
Lord, not worse for honorable scars;  
Hoyt, a David slinging polished spars;  
Matthews, tempered in his valiant wars;  
Sargent, with his ships and hardy tars;  
Cutter, rushing in his lightning cars;

Sprague who puffs his excellent "cigars ;"  
Hirst, and other well-drilled regulars.  
Field the "Post of Honor" bravely chooses ;  
Read is champion of all the Muses ;  
Bulkley sings a stirring battle-song ;  
Prentice rouses, silent far too long ;  
Hosmer, with his Indian braves, is here,  
And the knightly Simms, without a fear.

These and others, each a truer man  
Than the marshals of the Corsican ;  
But what ragged multitudes they lead—  
Hundreds to a single blade or steed ;  
Many noble youth, but what a rout  
Follow with their rabble song and shout !  
Some with nothing but a load of words ;  
Some with pop-guns, whistles, wooden swords,  
Rocking-horses, paper caps and drums,  
China-crackers, rockets, sugar-plums ;  
And a crippled squadron limp behind—  
Falstaff's men were not more lame and blind.

Let them come !—the halt shall leap to life,  
And the young shall strengthen for the strife,

And—but hark !—what mean the signal guns ?—  
Ah, the glorious troop of Amazons !

Sigourney, by right of reverend years,  
At their head—a saintly form—appears ;  
Hers the gentle wisdom to repress  
Something of their wayward youth's excess ;  
Cheer the sad, and soften down the gay,  
And with counsel calm to rule the fray.

Osgood, joying in her courser's prance,  
Twines with flowers and lifts her shining lance ;  
Never weary, full of love and hope,  
Swifter than the airy antelope,  
On she bounds, her song as sweetly clear  
As the music of a sinless sphere.

Next, with visor down, is 'Greenwood' Clarke ;  
Forth she rides—a Joan bold of Arc ;  
Clad in ringing mail from head to heel,  
Like her sword, her nerves are finest steel ;  
On her mettled charger best at home,  
Well she loves him for his fire and foam,  
Dares the battle's front, the stormy siege,

And to self alone she lives in liege.

No less brave in saddle, strong in heart,  
Fanny Kemble hurls the sonnet's dart ;  
Loud she lifts a golden-bugle voice,  
That would make the heart of Death rejoice ;  
Shaming pale Macbeths from craven fears,  
Many a Brutus with her tone she cheers.

But the time would fail us, if we told  
Half the Beauty in the lists enrolled :  
Mowatt, who, than all her tragic mien,  
Acts in life the better heroine ;  
Hale, whose slender hands can lightly wield  
" Iron " battle-axe and shining shield ;  
Gould and Ellet, all whose thought contains  
Blood descended from our patriot veins.  
Lynch, the fearless Miriam of the band,  
Rains from cymbals music sweet and grand ;  
And with her exult the sister Careys,  
Bold as Judiths, gentle as the Maries. .  
Like a Milton's warring angel, Eames  
Shows of Milton's genius milder gleams ;

Welby, on her tameless prairie steed,  
Glories in her hair-disheveling speed ;  
Fairest Oakes, with holy hymning lyre,  
Like an angel wakes the golden wire ;  
“ Edith May ”—beneath her dark eye’s lash,  
Lightnings of a lofty spirit flash ;  
And the sweet Cayuga warbler—“ Alice,”  
With the dew of feeling in her chalice ;  
Allin, too, a form that yet may rise,  
With Minerva’s spear and Juno’s eyes.  
These—and each a Magyar heroine—  
These, and all their flocking troops, are seen ;  
Let us, with a drum-beat long and loud,  
Cheerily salute the lovely crowd !  
Allied with so many qucenly Powers,  
We may shout—“ The victory is ours ! ”

Sound ! sound ! at the pounding of the drum,  
Let the aspirants of glory come !  
We are strong ; and o’er the rolling sea,  
Is another banded company ;  
They are strong, and subtly skill’d to fight  
For the worker’s hope—the *dreamer’s right*.



And what leaders !—Browning and the Heart  
Linked with his to share his love and art ;  
Jasmin, Lamartine, and Freiligrath,  
And a train that follow in their path.  
These and others are by one Soul led—  
He the flower of chivalry and head—  
Arthur of our modern Faerie-Queen,  
Towering from the host his helm is seen,  
All of gold ; and nets of mail enfold  
(Every ring and scale of purest gold)  
All his manly form ; and straight his blows  
Strike like lightning thro' and thro' his foes ;  
Sworn to beauty, truth and woman, none  
Is so much a host as Tennyson.

Beat ! beat ! at the booming of the drum,  
Let the lovers all of beauty, come !  
We are strong, and silent with us tread  
Viewless spirits of the laureled Dead.  
(Lightly, lightly touch the muffled drum !—  
Softly, sadly let its music hum !)  
Nay, look up ! look up ! the glowing throng,  
With a distant burst of angel-song,  
Suddenly appear and fill the sky !

To our aid the sainted poets fly,  
As with Sisera did fight the stars—  
As the gods were mixed in human wars.  
See them !—rank on rank they reach away  
From the portals of immortal day,  
With their seraph spears and sounding lyres ;  
Near at hand, they shine like pillared fires—  
Far away they glitter in the air,  
Bright as spangles in a noonday glare ;  
Still they come, with lustrous forms, and eyes  
Radiant with the light of Paradise.  
Let us join their grand triumphant song  
With a hymn ten thousand voices strong.  
Like the light that shone to Constantine,  
Such a glory is our victory's sign ;  
And the vision who can disbelieve,  
Since the dead in song and presence live ?

Wake ! wake ! at the shaking of the drum,  
Let the young and swarming poets come !  
Lift your banners high your heads above,  
Blazoned with the motto—" Truth and Love."  
By the memory of the gifted dead  
Who have died for lack of love and bread ;

By the social wrongs that sunder souls ;  
By the mockery that on you rolls ;  
By your hate of bigotry and pride—  
Forward ! with your instinct for a guide.  
And aim high—oh, leave the beaten track ;  
Outward Nature and the Passions lack  
None to picture every varied phase.  
Leave the surface and the trodden ways  
Where the gold-dust all is sifted out,  
And the thirsty sands are blown about ;  
Delve for purer ore in Nature's heart,  
Melt and mould it with a perfect art—  
Nay, ascend, and conquer realms ideal,  
Till the vision heralds in the real—  
Till the spirit triumphs over sense,  
Reigning in its own high eminence.

Roll ! roll ! with the rolling of the drum,  
Shout the harvest of your laurels home !  
Soon we will outnumber all the throng  
That are dead to beauty, truth and song ;  
Soon the tide of battle will have turned,  
And the rights of finer souls be earned.  
Then the world will be as we would have it ;

Then shall custom never more enslave it.  
Thinkers shall be rich, and wooden men  
Hew the wood and draw the water, then !  
Kindred souls will always find each other ;  
All acknowledge Nature as our mother ;  
Truth to her and self will ne'er be treason ;  
Romance will be held the truest Reason ;  
Visions will be true, and fancies, fact ;  
And the world be free in speech and act.  
All men shall be poets—poet-teachers,  
Poet-farmers, artists, merchants, preachers ;  
Poet-lawyers, statesmen, presidents,  
And poetic laws and governments.  
Roll ! roll the thunder of the drum—  
Soon a POETOCRACY will come.

## VISION OF SHELLEY'S DEATH.

---

THE wind was freshening across the bay,  
A looming storm shut out the sultry day,  
And wilder grew the distant billows' play.

The nearer calm a single sail beguiled,  
And at the helm, with features fair and mild,  
Sat one whom men have called Eternal Child.

A breath—a breeze—the tempest strikes the sail ;  
It fills—it stoops, and, swift and free as frail,  
It flies a winged arrow from the gale.

A precious boat !—may angels speed it right !  
The world, in that thin shell and form as slight,  
Has all its hold upon a soul of might.

He lay reclined in noonday dreams no more,  
He gazed no longer at the purple shore,  
Nor mused on roofing skies and ocean's floor.

The wizard storm invoked a truer dream—  
Had kindled in his eye its proudest gleam,  
And given his eagle soul a grander theme.

No sign of craven fear his lips reveal ;  
He only feels the joy that heroes feel,  
When lightnings flash and jarring thunders peal.

The boat dipt low ; his foot was on the helm ;  
The deck a throne—the storm his genial realm,  
He dared the powers that nature's king o'erwhelm.

The gentle eye that turned from man away,  
Now flashed in answer to the flashing spray,  
And glanced in triumph o'er the foaming bay.

And as aloft the boat a moment hung,  
Then down the plunging wave was forward flung,  
His own wild song—"The Fugitives"—he sung :

Said he, " And seest thou, and hearest thou ? "

Cried he, " And fearest thou, and fearest thou ?

A pilot bold, I trow, should follow now. "

\* \* \* \* \*

The sail was torn and trailing in the sea,

The water flooded o'er the dipping lee,

And clomb the mast in maddest revelry.

It righted with the liquid load, and fast

Went down ; the mariners afloat were cast,

And louder roared and laughed the mocking blast.

A moment, and no trace of man or spar

Was left to strew the path that, near and far,

Is whirled in foam beneath the tempest's car.

\* \* \* \* \*

A moment more, and one pale form appeared,  
And faintly looked the eyes ; no storm careered,  
And all the place with mystic light was sphered.

Around him slept a circling space of wave ;  
It seemed the crystal pavement of a cave,  
And all about he heard the waters rave.

He saw them waving like a silken tent—  
Beheld them fall, like rocks of beryl rent,  
And rage like lions from a martyr pent.

A sudden life began to thrill his veins ;  
A strange new force his sinking weight sustains,  
Until he seems released from mortal chains.

He looked above—a glory floating down—  
A dazzling face and form—a kingly crown,  
With blinding beauty all his senses drown.

As tearful eyes may see the light they shun,  
As veiling mists reveal the clear-shaped sun,  
He knew the crucified, transfigured One.



In that still pause of trembling, blissful sight,  
He woke as from a wild and life-long night,  
And through his soul there crept a holy light.

A blot seemed fading from his troubled brain—  
A doubt of God—a madness and a pain,  
Till upward welled his trusting youth again,—

Till upward every feeling pure was drawn,  
As nightly dews are claimed again at dawn,  
And whence they came are more gently gone.

He gazed upon those mercy-beaming eyes,  
Till recognition chased away surprise,  
And he had faith from heaven and strength to rise—

To rise and kneel upon the glassy tide,  
While down the Vision floated to his side,  
And stooped to hear what less he said than sighed :—

“ Oh, Truth, Love, Gentleness !—I wooed and won  
Your essences, nor knew that ye are ONE ;  
Oh crowned Truth, receive thine erring son !”

A spirit-touch was laid upon his soul ;  
Like pallid ashes from a living coal,  
His mortal clay fell off and downward stole.

The Soul and Vision took their upward flight,  
And lingering angels gathered up the light  
That lay—a spell upon the tempest's might.

The gentle one, whose thought alone was wrong—  
The Eternal Child amidst a cherub-throng,  
Was wafted to the Home of Love and Song.

## THE HUNTER'S DESTINIES.

---

### I.

NIGHT's crescented and spangled dome  
O'erarched with love, and fed with dewy light,  
A garden-hid Virginian home.  
The airs of summer, in their elfin flight,  
Stept lightly on the vine-rose leaves  
That made a low veranda's damask woof,  
And crept in wreaths above the eaves,  
And fell in shade along a silvered roof.  
Within, the moonlight and the bloom,  
Thro' open lattices that reached the ground—  
Faint lights and sweets—relieved the gloom ;  
And both were blended with as faint a sound  
That echoed from a festal hall,  
That chirruped from the crickets in the earth,

And stole from maize-fields green and tall—  
From tinkling tambourine, and song and mirth.  
Without—a garden thro' the open door ;  
Within—a nodding nurse and sleeping child  
That lay upon the figured floor,  
Where flowers of moonlight in the darkness smiled.  
In slumber mild,  
Its dainty face with dream-drops beaded o'er,  
Reposed THE CHILD.

## II.

The night wore on ; the nurse had gone  
To find the far-off music thro' the trees ;  
Dark lines of level cloud were drawn  
Across the sinking moon ; and with the breeze  
There came a rising, rushing sound—  
Wild voices came, but not of midnight brawl ;  
And thro' the casements, and around  
Where fading moonbeams crept from floor to wall,  
Dim forms were gliding in the room,  
Like lights in darkness, shadows in the light ;  
They were the shapes of Hope and Doom.  
And first, with features fevered with delight,

And eyes with dreamy brilliance filled,  
Young Romance breathed a tale of life and love  
That thro' the infant's spirit thrilled.  
Next, bold Adventure came and bent above  
The couch ; his clarion-voice was heard ;  
He shouted, laughed and kissed the slumbering  
child,  
And passed. The fairest and the third  
That came and knelt, was Freedom, glad and wild.  
By dreams beguiled,  
Its dimpled cheeks with sleeping laughter stir'd,  
Still slept the child.

## III.

A moment, silence reigned again ;  
And then a magic music charmed the air,  
And thro' the door a joyous train  
Flew in, with cymbal clash and torches' flare—  
Mad Frolic, Sport and dancing Joy,  
Delirious Pleasure, License, lavish Wealth,  
Loose Beauty with her wanton Boy,  
And Revel pale, in hand with rosy Health.  
They chased about—a merry rout—

And kissed the child, and wet its lips with wine—  
Then, with a shout, they all flew out.  
The moon had touched the hills, in its decline,  
And shriller sang the stormy air.  
A spectral form stole in—another came,  
And then a third, with haggard hair,  
And hollow cheeks, and glaring eyes of flame—  
Mad Hazard, crazed with golden dreams,  
Dark Murder with a dagger 'neath his cloak,  
The lip of Hate that still blasphemes,  
Foul Lust and Wrong; they stooped—the words  
they spoke  
Its slumbers broke,  
And with a fear-flushed face and piercing screams,  
The child awoke.

## IV.

The years flew swiftly by; the child  
Had grown a brawny man, and wandered far—  
A hunter in the western wild—  
A hero-name beneath the evening star.  
Beside his nightly fire, he slept;  
It shone on gleaming gun and fringed dress,

And flamed before the wind that swept  
Thro' roaring hills and groaning wilderness.  
In pauses of the gusty storm,  
The hoot and howl and snarl of tameless things  
Were heard, and here and there a form  
Stole out from gloom, or passed on rushing wings ;  
Revenge came near, but stayed his knife,  
Repelled by long accustomed, savage fear ;  
And hideous shapes of spirit-life  
Danced round the fire with demon laugh and leer ;  
And all the forms that gathered round  
His cradle, came again to bless and ban ;  
And ghostly victims on him frowned,  
Or stooped from air his fated face to scan.  
With features wan,  
His weary senses drowned in sleep profound,  
Reposed THE MAN.

## THE LOOM OF LIFE.

---

I stood within a spacious room  
Where many busy weavers were,  
And each one played a lofty loom,  
With ceaseless and with noisy stir ;  
Warp and roller, spools and reels—  
It was a mazy scene to view,  
While slow revolved the groaning wheels,  
And fast the clashing shuttles flew.

Unnumbered threads of brilliant dyes,  
From beam to beam all closely drawn,  
Seemed dipt in hues of sunset skies,  
Or steeped in tints of rosy dawn,—  
Or as a thousand rainbows bright  
Had been unraveled, ray by ray,



And each prismatic beam of light  
Inwoven with the fabric lay.

Quick—quick the clicking shuttles flew,  
And slowly up the web was rolled,  
Sprinkled with purple, red and blue,  
And strewed with stars of yellow gold ;  
The quaint device came forth so true,  
It seemed a work of magic power,  
As if by force of Nature grew  
Each imaged leaf and figured flower !

I sat within a silent room,  
While evening shadows deepened round,  
And thought that life is like a loom  
With many-colored tissues wound,—  
Our souls the warp, and thought a thread  
That, since our being first began,  
Backward and forth has ever sped,  
Shot by the busy weaver—man !

And all events of changing years  
That lend their colors to our life,  
Though oft their memory disappears

Amid our pleasures and our strife,  
Are added fibres to the warp,  
And here and there they will be seen,  
Dyed deep in joy or sorrows sharp—  
For *we* are all that we *have been* .

The loves and hopes of youthful hours,  
Though buried in oblivion deep,  
Like hidden threads in woven flowers  
Upon the web will start from sleep.  
And one loved face we sometimes find  
Pictured there, with memories rife,—  
A part of that mysterious mind  
Which forms the endless warp of life.

Still hour by hour the tissue grows,  
(MEMORY is its well known name,)  
Stained bright with joys or dark with woes,  
The pattern never twice the same !  
For its confused and mingled gleams  
Display so little care or plan,  
In heedless sport the shuttle seems  
Thrown by the maddened weaver—man !

And if our conscious waking thought  
Weaves out so few and worthless ends,  
Much more a tangled woof is wrought  
When dream with dream commingling blends ;  
The toilsome scenes of weary days,  
By night lived o'er, at morn we see  
Made monstrous in a thousand ways,  
Like fabled shapes on tapestry.

And as the weaver's varied braid,  
When turned, a double wonder shows—  
The lights all changed to sombre shade,  
While all the dim then warmly glows ;  
So, many scenes we think most bright,  
And many deemed most dark and cold,  
Will seem inverted to our sight,  
When we our future life behold !

For thought ends not—it reaches on  
Thro' every change of world or clime,  
While of itself will ever run  
The restless flying shuttle—time !

And when the deep-imprinted soul  
Shall burst the chambers of the tomb,  
Eternity will forth unroll  
The work of this our wondrous loom !

## CITY AND COUNTRY.

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### PART I.—THE YOUTHFUL IMPULSE.

AWAY to the city !—this rural repose,  
With its slumberous sounds and motionless sights,  
To the fiery spirit a weariness grows,  
And tires with its ever-returning delights.

A pageant of splendor that never is past,  
Though fair as a sunset, is familiar and mean ;  
And the glories of Nature are common at last,  
If always before us and never unseen.

Her use is to quicken to healthier life,  
And freshen the spirit when weary of toil ;  
We are born to go forth and to mingle in strife,  
And not be rooted like trees in the soil.

Her use is to feather the arrows of thought,  
And wing with an image the powerful word,  
When crowds by the tongue into passion are wrought,  
Or the world, by the pen or the pencil, is stirred:

She hints at a spiritual beauty and grace,  
That soften the soul in activity strong;  
But the flashes of glory that play on her face,  
Are gone, if we gaze at the vision too long.

And why should we treasure the symbols of sense,  
If never to use them in battling with mind?  
And why should we borrow from thence, *a beauty*  
If we gather no strength in the strife of mankind?

True, the woods must be fell'd, the fields must be  
reapt,

But leave it to those who are hardened with toil—  
Whose souls in the life of the senses have slept,  
Until they have lapsed into parts of the soil.

And here every sight, every sound tends to sleep:  
The mind is belittled, though the body may grow;  
The footsteps of progress but lazily creep,

And the seasons, the men and their passions are  
slow.

The world passes silently by, like a dream,  
And only its lingering echo is here,  
A trance is on forest and meadow and stream,  
An hour is a day, and a day is a year.

A neighborhood quarrel becomes an event  
As great as an era in triumphs of mind ;  
And the breath of the people in gossip is spent,  
And their heads are as empty of thought as the wind.

Ah, the Indian has passed like a shadow away,  
But how are his conquerors better than he ?  
We witness a race not so manly to-day,  
And as savage in kind, if refined in degree.

Away to the city !—for that is the heart  
Where the life of the world with a glow and a blow  
Is beating ; but this is the cold distant part  
Where circles the blood with a languishing flow.

Away to the city !—the country's the bound

Where the surface with scarcely a ripple is curl'd ;  
But the city's the centre where round and still round  
The maelstrom of life is unceasingly whirl'd.

Oh, better to sink in the ocean's abyss,  
Though monsters of terror inhabit its gloom,  
Than to swim in so shallow a water as this ;  
For action, I cry—give me room !—give me room !

In the din of the mart, in the roar of its wheels,  
A thunder is lent to the current of time ;  
Ah, who in the silence of solitude feels  
That every moment of life is sublime ?

And there the titanic ideas of the hour  
Drop plump in the billowy ocean of thought,  
While here they but tremble with lessening power,  
Like wavelets from tropical hurricanes caught.

And there all events are pronounced on at once  
By those who possess the infallible key,  
While here the Sir Oracle, always a dunce,  
Is echoed by dunces of lower degree.



And there are collected the spirits of might,  
The gifted and wise, whose opinions are law ;  
And there is refinement of life at the height,  
And like to its like from the crowd may withdraw.

And there, in an atmosphere glowing with Art,  
Will I feast upon Beauty, and win me a name ;  
The memory of Nature, embalmed in the heart,  
From my pen and my pencil shall spring into fame.

And life is but short ; let me live while I live  
An age in a day, not a day in an age ;  
Let me quaff to the lees what the earth has to give,  
And in peace I will pass from its shadowy stage.

---

PART II.—THE WARNING DREAM.

FAREWELL, mad city !—welcome, oh my country home !  
As crawls the dying lion to his silent cave,  
So with a bleeding heart and wasted strength, I  
come—  
To thee I come to ask for rest, to find a grave.

Forgive my heated words, my early friends and true—  
Ye trees and flowers and blooming women, noble men !  
With you my youthful roots, of feeling freshly grew,  
And there I long to plant my withered soul again.

Perhaps beneath your dewy skies it may revive,  
Some autumn buds, some late and pleasant fruit may  
yield ;  
But never can it gladly wave and greenly thrive  
As then before I tore it from its native field.

Oh mad ambition, ever burning higher and higher !  
The soul that lusts for fame and earthly excellence,  
Is doomed in restless flame forever to aspire,  
Until itself consumed in quenchless heat intense.

I had my wish—the smile of all the Arts I wooed ;  
I clomb the dizzy steep of thought, where I could hail  
Still higher peaks that mocked my steps, the while I  
stood  
A better mark for envy's arrows to assail.

If in the honest rustic's less development  
There is a lack of thought, of ways and speech refined,

Ah, what are more developed men, in cities pent,  
But men the more in numbers and the more in kind.

If wandering, wayside insects sting, how much the less  
Shall we be poisoned in a swarm of angry bees?  
If lowly weeds may wound us in the wilderness,  
How much the better is a park of upas-trees?

Away, false city, with thy curses and acclaims!  
Where men their hearts for gold and power and  
splendor pawn,  
Where all the finer sentiments are empty names,  
Repeated all the more because the soul is gone;

Where gilded walls and faces cover sin and guile,  
And grief and joy and love are made a cunning art,  
And woman's lip is tutored to a winning smile,  
Though sorrow, apathy or hate be in her heart;

Where artists make a trick and pander of their skill,  
And starving authors dip their pens in pride and gall,  
Nor have the breadth of soul to stand apart, until  
They see and feel the truth and power in each and all;

Where walking memories repeat their parrot part,  
And say you thief from books unread or long forgot,  
And charge each living poet with a want of heart,  
And grudge the world each shilling's worth of music-  
thought ;

Where social lies are common coin, and men are cast  
In none of Nature's, but convention's narrow moulds,  
And every free and generous impulse dies at last,  
Its life crushed out in shining custom's serpent folds ;

Where all things, toil and pleasure, seem a tinsel show,  
As fair and false and fleeting as the summer clouds,  
And pallid men like trooping shadows come and go—  
A restless crowd of ghosts that walk in Fashion's  
shrouds.

Oh give me back my country home !—no rural town  
With something like the polish of the urban man,  
Without the culture that divides him from the clown—  
A mermaid mixture most adverse to nature's plan ;

But give me back our yeomen souls !—I choose no more  
The guinea stamp without the golden heart of Toil ;

A later wisdom is to love our nation's ore—

Those noblest men—the New World tillers of the soil.

And give me back the face of Nature, fair and true,

Its stormy frowns, its raining tears and sunny laugh,  
The world of clouds, the world of trees and waters blue,  
That gave, half my being and received a half.

Oh mother Earth, upon thy bosom let me lean,

And there rejoice and weep, behold, admire, revere ;  
My words were false, that thou canst grow “familiar—  
mean ;”

Who sees aright will find thee ever new and dear.

Thy sun burns heavenlier, thy skies grow high and wide,

A lovelier lesson is imprinted on the flower,  
A deeper meaning murmurs in the river's tide,  
And grander thoughts awaken in the tempest's hour.

To thee I come for peace, still peace, and rest, sweet rest ;

The hills and winds shall give a vigor to my tread,  
The fragrant cedars spread their hands to speak me  
blest,

The stars distill a healing beauty on my head,—

The lake return me thought for thought, and smile for  
smile,

And, in its nightly dash, repeat "Eternity!"—

Till Evil to all Beauty I shall reconcile,

And all that is, to all the better world to be.

## A STUDY.

---

That matchless brow !—  
So strangely fair, so wide and lifted, Jane,  
What can its earnest pleading look explain ?  
What seekest thou ?

That sad sweet brow !  
Does it thy childhood's early grief retain ?  
Is that bereavement traced forever, Jane,  
Upon its snow ?

That patient brow !  
Hast thou of evil fortune to complain ?  
Thy life has ever been as sunny, Jane,  
As it is now.

That prayerful brow !

A prayer it alway must express or feign ;  
Therefore in guileless youth, thy Maker, Jane,  
Remember now.

That saintly brow !

Its marble hue and sculptured beauty, Jane,  
Should be a shrine where worshipers profane  
May never bow.



## THE SHADOW.

---

A moon ascending, full and small,  
A lone and snowy road ;  
And, here and there, a wildwood tall,  
With crinkled antlers broad.

A lone, dark figure moving by—  
Its shadow goes before ;  
The figure and the shadow fly  
As on a silver floor.

The sky is blue, the trees are black,  
And white the sheeted ground ;  
And, now and then, the form looks back,  
Or stealthily around.

But whether from suspected harm,  
He hurries on his way,  
Or if to keep his chill blood warm,  
I know not which to say.

He hastens on his way, and still  
His shadow goes before ;  
And now, to nerve his fickle will,  
His heart he will outpour :

“ Ha ! ha ! I wander all alone,  
In all the wide world drear,  
And nothing can I call my own  
But this my shadow here.

The world has said that I am mad,  
Because I love my moods,  
And speak in rhyme when I am sad,  
Or wander in the woods.

Ha ! Ha ! I thank thee, gentle moon,  
For this my shadow here ;  
It is a friend—a madman's boon,  
And chides my foolish tear.

It walks—it runs—it leaps along,  
Yet keeps so kindly near ;  
And, if it had a voice, a song  
'Twould carol in my ear.

It goes before, and, if I turn,  
Will follow me behind—  
A truant hiding from the moon—  
The moon our mother kind.

Now slow and dark it glides along,  
And *will* be moving near,  
As if it were a thought of wrong—  
A thing to hate and fear.

Oh, leave me, Shadow, grim and black,  
Oh, leave me to myself !  
And haunt no more my lonely track,  
Thou shapeless demon-elf.

Away ! away ! blot not the light,  
Thou dark, forerunning Doom ;  
Oh, hide it moon—oh, come thou, night,  
And drown it in thy gloom !

But see ! its arms it gaily flings ;  
    My merry dwarf it is,  
And I, the merriest of kings,  
    Will hold my revelries.

And I will stop and sit me down ;  
    This drift shall be my throne ;  
The dazzling frost shall be my crown,  
    My realm the wild-wood lone.

Ho ! ho ! my Shadow, bring me wine,  
    For I am weary now,  
And thou shalt be my harlequin,  
    And dance upon the snow.

Set forth the feast ; the minstrels bring ;  
    Let clouds of music roll ;  
Let star-eyed Beauty smile and sing,  
    Or wreathe the brimming bowl.

They come !—fair forms begin to float  
    Transparent to the moon ;  
Soft airs swell near—now die remote—  
    A glory bursts like noon !

Come near, more near, ye loving eyes ;  
Gaze on me ere we part ;  
I cannot clasp you—cannot rise—  
The ice is on my heart.

Oh stars, no more the eyes ye seemed ;  
Oh harps—the wind's shrill cry ;  
Oh forms—the clouds ; I have but dreamed,  
And, dreaming, waked to die !”

He said, and clouds began to loom  
Above the darkened wood ;  
The Shadow melted in the gloom—  
A drop within the flood.

All night there raged a wintry storm,  
And sunny morning-tide  
Revealed a shadow and a form,  
Close sleeping side by side.

And soon a passing traveler found  
The fair-haired, youthful one,  
Stretched pulseless on the snowy ground—  
His face against the sun.

The form was wrapt in winter's pall ;  
In death the lips were clasped ;  
And in the hand, an icicle  
Was, like a sceptre, grasped.

## A HAPPY DAY.

---

A dearer day may sometime come to me,  
But none is garnered in my memory,  
So sweet as that I lately spent with thee.

The sun that shone upon us seemed the same  
That often lights the evening clouds with flame,  
And all the leafless scene was cold and tame.

And thus each sound and form and color died ;  
But in my soul they found a place to hide  
Until, as now, they rise up glorified ;

For, all the scenes that are entombed in sense,

Have each a living essence that from thence  
Awakes in Fancy's world to life intense.

Those leafless trees, to me, are every one  
With blooming recollections clothed upon,  
And with a purer glory shines the sun.

The chill November wind that shook the trees,  
Comes back to me like airs from summer seas,  
As soft and fragrant as the hum of bees.

No more the faded fields are dry and sere ;  
They freshly wave as in the virgin year,  
Or as an Eden in a sinless sphere.

The road, the house, the mimic lake,  
Such color from imagination take—  
Are so transfigured for your own sweet sake,

That all the vale a perfect picture seems,  
Enriched with shade and lit with golden gleams,  
Like those that bless our lightest morning dreams.

And then the long and quiet walks we took



Around the hills, along the roaring brook—  
How changed, yet real, all the objects look !

The dizzy rocks in recollection rise  
Sublime as were the walls of Paradise  
That once in vision met the prophet's eyes ;

And we—ah, we were more than mortal there,  
For you were as the angels wise, and fair,  
And I, like them, was free from earthly care.

We said not much, but only seemed to stroll  
As spirits that on heavenly hilis patrol,  
And, silent, hold communion soul with soul—

Like seraphs who, upon some crystal height,  
See far below them, in this mortal night,  
The stream of Life flash onward wild and bright.

That foaming torrent !—'tis a symbol true  
Of my own being flowing on to you,  
Since first your loveliness and worth I knew.

My childhood was the wandering of the rill,

My youth the toilsome turning of a mill,  
With dreamy windings thro' the world, until

Like yonder stream, when first you chanced to pass,  
My soul reflected back your spirit-face,  
And saw itself reflected there as in a glass.

A pilgrim stream—a wayward anchoret,  
In none of those I looked upon, as yet  
Had I such likeness in unlikeness met.

But you, enchanted with your image caught  
Within the clearest mirror of my thought,  
I held my purposed course of life for naught.

By some sweet influence of your eyelids led,  
I left the vales where I had slumbered,  
And down an untried steep I wildly sped.

And you—a spirit flitting on the rocks—  
I followed, where a gulf of wonder locks  
Me in, and where I fall in blissful shocks

From love to love, in such a sudden way

That all my life is changed to happy spray,  
Nor, if I would, can I the current stay.

And still I follow, still I seem to hear  
The cataract's deep music sounding near,  
In tones prophetic, clearer and more clear ;

And still I seem to list your spirit-call,  
And see you leaning o'er the fearful Fall  
Where I must dare the last descent of all.

And will you, aerial spirit-as you are,  
With me, the plunge, the shock, the whirlpool dare,  
And all my chanceful lot enjoy or bear ?

And will you from your prouder height descend,  
Your life with mine in lowly union blend,  
Until the mingled river reach its end—

Until our stream-like flow, thro' gloom and glee,  
Shall pay its tribute to that boundless sea  
Where love is lost in Love's infinity. •

My thoughts, that golden day, were something such ;

But glances, smiles and kindlings of the touch,  
Were better than to utter overmuch.

Nor did I know my heart ; for, to be seen,  
There must be space our joys and us between,  
And quiet reveries must intervene—

Those solitary hours that o'er us steal  
In silence, when the floating thoughts we feel,  
To Fancy's airy frost-work may congeal.

## THE DEAD-WATCH.

---

EACH saddened face is gone, and tearful eye  
Of mother, brother, and of sisters fair ;  
With ghostly sound their distant footfalls die  
Thro' whispering hall, and up the rustling stair.  
In yonder room the newly dead doth sleep ;  
Begin we thus, my friend, our watch to keep.

And now both feed the fire and trim the lamp ;  
Pass cheerly, if we can, the slow-paced hours ;  
For, all without is cold, and drear, and damp,  
And the wide air with storm and darkness lowers ;  
Pass cheerly, if we may, the live-long night,  
And chase pale phantoms, paler fear, to flight.

We will not talk of death, of pall and knell—  
Leave that, the mirth of brighter hours to check ;  
But tales of life, love, beauty, let us tell,  
Or of stern battle, sea and stormy wreck ;  
Call up the visions gay of other days—  
Our boyhood sports and merry youthful ways.

Hark to the distant bell !—an hour is gone !  
Enter yon silent room with footsteps light ;  
Our brief, appointed duty must be done—  
To bathe the face, and stay death's rapid blight—  
To bare the rigid face, and dip the cloth  
That hides a mortal, ' crushed before the moth.'

The bathing liquid scents the chilly room ;  
How spectral white are shroud and veiling lace  
On yonder side-board, in the fearful gloom !  
Take off the muffler from the sleeper's face—  
You spoke, my friend, of sunken cheek and eye—  
Ah, what a form of beauty here doth lie !

Never hath Art, from purest wax or stone,  
So fair an image, and so lustrous, wrought ;  
It is as if a beam from Heaven had shown

A weary angel in sweet slumber caught !—  
The smiling lip—the warmly tinted cheek,  
And all so calm, so saint-like, and so meek !

She softly sleeps, and yet how unlike sleep ;  
No fairy dreams flit o'er that marble face,  
As ripples play along the breezy deep,  
As shadows o'er the field each other chase ;  
The spirit dreams no more, but wakes in light,  
And freely wings its flashing seraph flight.

She sweetly sleeps, her lips and eyelids sealed ;  
No ruby jewel heaves upon her breast,  
With her quick breath now hidden, now revealed,  
As setting stars long tremble in the west ;  
But white and still as drifts of moonlit snow,  
Her folded cerements and her flushless brow.

Oh there is beauty in the winter moon,  
And beauty in the brilliant summer flower,  
And in the liquid eye and luring tone  
Of radiant Love's and rosy Laughter's hour ;  
But where is beauty, in this blooming world,  
Like Death upon a maiden's lip impearled !

Veil we the dead, and close the open door ;  
Perhaps the spirit, ere it soar above,  
Would watch its clay alone, and hover o'er  
The face it once had kindled into love ;  
Commune we hence, O friend, this wakeful night,  
Of Death made lovely by so blest a sight.



## “ MORE LIGHT.”

---

I had a vision, yesternight,  
Of one who clomb a mountain's side,  
And loudly cried for “ Light—more light ! ”  
And loudlier called at every stride.

His words so silver-voiced—so broad  
And fair his marble throne of mind,  
He walked the mountain like a god,  
And upward gazed, but—he was blind.

And thro' his filmy eyes there came  
The glimmer of a distant glare,  
For, all the summit burned with flame,  
And shot its cinders high in air.

Still up and on he urged his way,  
With form erect and footsteps bold,  
Till he was lost, beyond the day,  
Within the smoke that downward rolled.

"More light—more light!" he proudly said,  
"Too long has truth in darkness lain,  
Too long have men for falsehood bled—  
The world shall welcome Reason's reign.

I gasp for breath in bigot clouds,  
But keep my upward, onward way,  
And brighter, brighter stream the floods  
Of freer thought and coming day!"

His voice was lost to listening ears,  
His form grew dim to sight of men,  
And, in the happy after years,  
His name was never heard again.

## SONNETS.

---

### CALIFORNIA.

---

HIGH towering o'er our broad and fruitful land,  
His head above the topmost twinkling star,  
I saw, in dream, a shining Figure stand,  
And hold a world-long balance in his hand.

To that, dim forms were winging from afar ;  
And, casting what they brought, in either scale,  
They watched the trembling pointer's faintest jar.  
In vain round one scale gathered angels pale,  
And in it wept their tears, with prayerful wail,  
To add a weight to all their diadems ;  
For, in the other, iron crowns were thrown.

Then came a bright young Form, in flashing gems,  
And with the angels cast her golden crown—  
The other scale flew up, and this went down !

A REPLY.

---

I KNOW, I sometimes only jingle rhymes  
Together, by the force of love or will ;  
But there are rarer, purer, calmer times,  
When all the soul, in light serene and still,  
Is lifted up, and thought with feeling chimes,  
And strange new energies my spirit thrill.  
At first, I seem with toil to recollect  
A song I framed in antenatal states ;  
But soon I read it in my mind correct,  
And each predestined word impatient waits  
For ink ; or, rather, all my soul can hold  
Runs, pure and glowing, into proper mould ;  
And if there be a line or accent lame,  
My transmigrated memory is in blame.

TO A BLONDE.  

---

I EVER loved a dark and doting eye,  
And heavy curls of glossy raven hair ;  
But now, oh Lilie, never more I sigh  
For eyes and ringlets steeped in Passion's dye,  
Since loveliness like thine is passing fair,  
Whatever be the color it may wear.  
The hair is but a turban for the head,  
The eyelash but a little fairy veil—  
Each lovely, if to Beauty they are wed.  
I love thy hair, so golden-brown and pale,  
That o'er thy temples thou dost smoothly trail ;  
I love thy drooping eyelid's silver thread ;  
But, more than braided locks of sunny gold,  
Thee—thee I love, thou ever sunny-souled !

A PICTURE.

---

A Cross is set in verdure bright and deep,  
Where he who painted last the "Cross and World,"  
Amid his mountain solitudes should sleep,  
While evermore the sunset clouds, unfurled,  
In crimson smile—in gloomy showers weep,  
And, low beneath, their watch the Catskills keep;  
Above, the lofty piles of cloud upwhirled,  
Like Alps of efflorescent silver, stand.  
Ay, such should be his monument sublime,  
And wrapt in mournful gloom should be the land  
That felt the waving of his magic wand—  
That with his name is linked in after Time.  
Nor is thy dream to COLE's renown alone:  
It prophesies, O gifted CHURCH, thine own.

May, 1848.

TWO PICTURES.  

---

Two pictures paint for me—the first, a Cross  
In foreground light against a distant shroud  
Of gloom, which scattered altar-fires emboss,  
And thro' which loom in shade the cities proud  
Of Athens, Ninevah, and Babel's crowd,  
While, far beyond, the Deluge billows toss,  
And gleams of Eden pierce its midnight cloud.  
The other picture—let it be the same  
Bright Cross reversed from light, in foreground black,  
The Victim half-seen now behind its frame,  
And, just beyond, Jerusalem in flame,  
And then still later history, in a track  
Of light that reaches from the Cross to where  
The grand Apocalypse fills all the air.

AUTUMN SNOW.  

---

ALL day the streaming roofs and swimming ground  
Have shed, or drank the plenteous autumn rains ;  
All day the heavy-laden skies have frowned,  
And dozing eyes have felt the slumberous sound,  
While gazing idly at the sullen plains—  
Or, waked to watch the thousand vivid stains  
That dye the far off frost-enkindled woods,  
And fire the way-side trees, whose foliage drips,  
Like bathing-birds with crimson feather-tips.  
Lo ! suddenly a whiter darkness broods,  
And floating snow succeeds the plashing floods :  
The monstrous flakes seem large as wafted ships—  
Or, like a white-winged angel throng they fall ;—  
Alas ! how can we mortals entertain ye all !



THREE SPIRITS.

---

The Summer came, and with it came a dream ;

I saw a galley all of golden sheen,  
And sails of silk, float down a crystal stream,  
And in it sat, with eyes of burning beam,  
The spirit of the fair Egyptian queen.

The Autumn came ; I saw an Indian maid  
Who glided thro' the faded windy woods,  
With scarlet berries in the glossy braid  
That veiled her olive face in dusky shade.

The Spring returned ; I lay beside its floods,  
And there in dreams *thy* form around me played  
With dewy blooms. I see, in vernal moods,  
No dream of eld, but freshest hopes awake  
To crown the Future for thy own dear sake.

TO NO ONE.  

---

“ROLL on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !”

But I forget myself—’tis not the sea

I would address in bold apostrophy ;

’Tis one, of thought profound and virgin soul,

Whose single blessedness I would condole.

“Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,”  
For, in the eldest gossip’s memory,

Thou wert as old and blue as thou art now ;

And many broken hearts, ’tis said, didst thou  
Let die “unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown,”  
Or drive distracted with thy learned tone.

Oh thou so stern, declare by what chaste vow,  
Thou art most deep and transcendental grown,  
And livest on—“dread, fathomless, alone !”

MT. HOLYOKE.  

---

The upward, winding road and rocky stair,  
Our weary feet have slowly trod, and now  
We stand at last upon the mountain's brow.  
So close below it sleep the vallies fair,  
It seems an island floating in the air ;—  
So near beneath this giddy brink, 'twould seem  
That one might overleap the mountain's base,  
And plunge far down within yon coiling stream  
That now reflects, in its unruffled face,  
The spanning bridge and elm-tree's weeping grace.  
The soul recoils at such a thought ; the eye  
Loves more to rove around the circling space  
Where purple hills, against the summer sky,  
Seem all there is of Earth's immensity !

## SONNETS.

### A SUNBEAM.

---

An angel-sunbeam started from the sun,  
Nor stopped to toy with Mercury in his orbit,  
So swiftly on its errand it must run ;  
The warmth of Venus, next, did not absorb it,  
Nor clouds and vapors in its speed could curb it.  
On—on it flew, until its goal was won,  
And there it shone in glory on my wall.  
Thank God, who sent it thus to chase my gloom,—  
A hundred million miles, on me to fall,  
And fill with happy thoughts my soul—my room !  
Thank God, that I can send a prayer to all,  
As far, as warm, to cheer a hapless doom !  
Thank God, our kindness need not shine so far,  
But it may greet some nearer human star !

## LOVE'S SUNSET.

---

Oh there are other burning days  
Than those that light the common world ;  
And there are other dazzling rays  
Than those in summer clouds impearled ;  
There is a day within the soul—  
A long sweet day that dawns not twice,  
And when its sun hath reached the goal,  
The heart is left to freeze in ice.

We love in boyhood's dreamy hour,  
And never love in truth again ;  
Beauty hath then a noonday power,  
And maddens with delicious pain ;  
A look is like a mirrored ray—  
A glance like sudden flashing light,

That makes the pulses wildly play,  
And lures and blinds the dizzy sight.

Slow dawns that love upon the heart,  
When, wakened from our childhood's sleep,  
We gaze around, and, wondering, start  
From heavy slumber, long and deep ;  
And all about are dewy glades,  
And bird-like hovering songs above,  
And misty, changing lights and shades  
That shadow out the Land of Love,

Up rises then a full-orbed sun—  
The silent sun of speechless love ;  
We drink a glowing life from one  
Who ever walks in light above,  
And flings such splendor on our way,  
That golden languor o'er us rolls,  
And we would bid the sun to stay  
In the midway heaven of our souls.

But time speeds on with all its change,  
And Love's long day wears slow away,  
And sets beyond some mountain range ;

Yet will its dying colors play  
For months and years within the heart,  
As if the purple and the gold  
Of youth's romance would ne'er depart  
And leave us lost in twilight cold.

## LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

---

"So, if I waste words now, in truth  
You must blame Love. His early rage  
Had force to make me rhyme in youth,  
And makes me talk too much in age."

*"The Miller's Daughter."*

---

"Of progressive souls, all loves and friendships are momentary."

EMERSON.

---

In boyhood dreams my Fancy loved to look  
Within the spirit-haunted cells of old,  
Where great magicians dealt with things unknown ;  
Where crucibles and deadly alkalies,  
Black liquors, crooked flasks, and frightful skulls,  
Of Wisdom spake, that dared the realms of Fear ;—  
Or, in the laboratories richly built,  
Where princes vied with plodding penury,



To tear the secret heart of nature out.  
But never had I dreamed that I should see  
A living alchemist, until, one day,  
The aged stranger took me by the hand,  
And led me to his den. He was a man  
Whom all had shunned as mad ; but I, in love  
Of one so sad and mild, had won his heart.  
He led me to his lonely room, and there  
My wildest visions all were realized.  
Around, were all the wonders of his art ;  
And long we sat discoursing of the stone  
That changed all substance into ruddy gold.  
“ Already have I found some hidden powers,”  
He said, “ and hope to find the master-charm.”  
But I rejoined, “ To-day, I read that those  
Who spent their life in such a fruitless search,  
Were little mindful of their busy times,  
And lost the warm humanities of life,  
And ceased to love”—and here I faintly blushed.  
But he with heightened color spoke : “ My art  
Will yet outrival all the arts that late  
Have flattered men to sudden pride, and yet  
I shall have given a treasure to the world.  
Nor am dead to life and gentle love.

9

For, by my skill, I summon back to me  
The spirit-forms of those I loved in youth.  
There are who curl their manhood's bearded lip  
At Love, and lightly speak of childish whims,  
As they had all outlived the fire of youth,  
And cooled its liquid gold to iron strength.  
Strange alchemy!—and stranger end of life—  
To toil and glow before the world's great forge,  
To blow its smouldering coals with urgent breath,  
To force the vital dew from foreheads, grimed  
With dust and smoke, and slowly thus to steal  
The blood from muscles full and rounded cheeks;—  
Until the fibres of the shrunken face  
Stand net-like out like faded, eaten leaves;—  
All—all to wring the baser from the precious,—  
Black coals from music-flashing diamonds.  
There is a higher chemistry—to hold  
The loves and sighs of youth of wondrous price,  
To fuse them in the pointed, solving flame  
Of after wisdom,—each component part  
To separate by nice analysis,  
And thus to find the elemental truths  
That make life's combinations beautiful;—  
To melt, and then to cool them all again

In other crystal harmonies of thought.

But sit you down, and look with reverent eye.  
And you shall see the glowing forms of all  
The queenly line that reigned within my heart.  
I sing a potent spell to call them forth ;  
Then, at a touch, the shapely mists shall fall,  
And, one by one, shall leave the polished drop  
Of magic metal pure, from which they sprang.

Spirits of Earth, and Air, and Fire,  
Skim the dross and fan the flame !  
Behold the might of young desire,  
Rise, sweet spirit, at thy name !

A little child with soft blue eyes,  
That speak of joy and half surprise ;  
And she is fair, as children are,  
And more than this we cannot say.  
How stole she then my heart away ?  
We rambled all the sunny hours  
By spangled banks of yellow flowers,  
And 'neath the ancient orchard trees,  
As we had been two wedded bees ;

And thus we lisped our little vows,  
And said that we would each espouse  
The other, at a distant day.  
How won this child my heart away?  
Now, magic wand, dissolve the shape,  
And you shall see the mist escape,  
And know the charm, whate'er it be ;—  
The silver drop is INFANCY !

Spirits of Earth, and Fire, and Air,  
Scatter the ashes—stir the flame !  
Behold another, young and fair,—  
Rise, fair spirit, at thy name !

A graceful girl of two and ten,  
Just at the budding moment, when  
The child begins to watch and wear  
A woman's look and matron air,  
And, with a winsome mimiery,  
Affects a thousand things to be.  
Her silver laugh is never mute ;  
She has a fairy hand and foot,  
A red-ripe lip, and witching glance  
That never stays in wanton dance ;

With whirl and twirl and airy spring,  
Smiling ever—ever on the wing,  
She doats, and floats, and lends a kiss  
That fires a doubting boy with bliss.  
A child would chase right up the sky  
A silver-sprinkled butterfly ;  
And so I loved her thoughtlessly,  
Believing, with the heart of youth,  
When all is fair, then all is truth,  
And all is good where all is gay.  
How could she take my heart away ?  
A dart of flame—she disappears,  
And as the curling vapors die,  
Within the crucible adheres  
The glistening dross of COQUETRY !

Spirits of Air, and Fire, and Earth,  
Stir the coals, and wake the flame !  
Let shadows brood another birth ;  
Rise, pure spirit, at thy name !

A slender form of gentleness,  
With golden chain and simple dress ;  
Not beautiful, but young and pure,

She has a look and voice demure ;  
Yet, in that soul of earnest truth,  
There is a merry gush of youth ;  
The limpid stream of quietude,  
Translucent with simplicity,  
Will often break from plenitude,  
In sparkles of unconscious glee.  
Her bubbling words for ever start  
From out the fountain of her heart ;  
And she knows not if she be fair,  
Nor if she be the heir of wealth ;  
Nor hides a glance of honest stealth  
From one too young to think or care  
But how his love he best may say.  
How stole this saint my heart away ?  
A touch dissolves the gentle form,  
And from her breast a jewel warm  
Among the ashes you may see :—  
The crystal is SINCERITY !

Spirits of Air, and Fire, and Sea,  
Sweep the sky—its flashes tame  
To light the blaze of memory !

Rise, bright spirit, at thy name !

In glowing loveliness appears  
The goddess of the student's years ;  
She seems to move diviner than  
The olden forms Olympian,  
And all around, with twinkling faces,  
Forever dance a group of Graces.  
She has a beauty, sweet and strange,  
That to a thousand shapes will change ;  
Yet not her outward loveliness  
The dazzled soul can so possess,  
As the ever winning eloquence  
That flows from purest love intense  
Of every breathing, burning thought  
That Genius from its depths has brought.  
I dreamed me o'er the Poet's page,  
And strove to grasp the thoughtful Sage ;  
Yet, both, a new significance  
Transfused thro' her sweet lip and glance,  
And all great spirits seemed to find  
In her a genial heart and mind,  
And kindled there the truest ray.  
How stole this star my heart away ?

A flash electric solves the spell ;  
The gold within the crucible  
( 'Tis hard between the two to guess )  
Is INTELLECT, or is LOVELINESS !

Spirits of Frost, and Ice and Cold,  
Chill the coals and kill the flame !  
And from the air a statue mould ;  
Rise, pale spirit, at thy name !

Like Venus rising from the sea,  
A snow-white face of faultless lines,  
A form of perfect symmetry ;  
Her penciled brow enshrines  
An icy brilliant eye ; her lip  
But speaks of nicest workmanship ;  
Its bloom is not the bloom of life,  
But rather like the crimson stain  
That may from year to year remain  
Upon a coldly glittering knife.  
No shade of feeling ever crossed  
That face of aye unmelted frost ;  
No languor in her attitude  
For once unstrings the saintly prude ;



No swimming motion in her gait,  
But all the march of queenly state  
Upon a coronation day.

How warmed she then my heart away?  
I just had seized the magic brush—  
Had knelt before the shrine of Art,  
And bathed within the glorious flush  
Of visioned Beauty,—thus my heart  
Leapt at the sight of her, but shrank  
To find no soul, and all a blank.  
Now let the statue crumble down,  
And, like the fragment of a crown,  
Upon the dusty hearth and sooty,  
Behold the frozen pearl of BEAUTY!

Spirits of Stars, and Streams, and Flowers,  
Strew your fragrance and your bloom!  
Give back the last beloved, ye Hours,—  
At her name, oh give her room!

A little, gentle, loving maid,  
In simple mourning weeds arrayed—  
A lily in an ebon vase.  
Her ripe, yet pure, transparent face

Shows quick the passing rosy rush  
Of soft emotion's faintest flush,—  
As if a bridal rose should change,  
By some indwelling magic strange,  
From white to red and red to white.  
Her drooping eyelids shade the light  
Of eyes that else had shot too bright ;  
And on her lip a fairy smile  
Lies sweetly sleeping all the while,—  
Save when, awakened but in half,  
It starts bewildered to a laugh !  
Her many sorrows leave no shade,  
Nor any brooding glooms impart ;  
But, sunshine lies upon the braid  
Of golden glory round her head,  
And sunshine lies within her heart.  
Her lips and looks are love distilled,  
With brimming love her soul is filled,  
And love flows in her motions all,  
And makes her voice most musical.  
If more than this I cannot say,  
Why drew she then my heart away ?  
Again, oh wand, dissolve the shape,  
And let the magic mist escape ;

Behold a charm all charms above—  
Here glows the diamond of LOVE !

The incantation's done. The last sweet lesson,  
Unwitting given, hath taught me this, at last—  
To love for Love's, and not the loved one's sake ;  
In loving her, I loved but Love, and now  
All shapes and persons matter not to me,—  
For, at the best, they fade and pass away.  
To love is its own end ; to love some *one*  
Degrades an end unto a means, and makes  
The soul dependent on mere outward forms  
That come and go, and bring us pain and tears.  
Call this the cold philosophy of Self?—  
But this is aye a world of cruel change,  
And sweet refined pain must conquer pain ;  
And, loving thus, the essence all remains,  
And absence, change, and death, may do their work ;  
The Love itself survives. Nor do me wrong  
To think me faithless ; the lesson also warns  
To keep the heart shut up to its own joy.  
Nor think me fickle that I changed so oft,—  
More oft, in truth, than I have told. For I  
Did but obey a self-transforming instinct,

Like as the seasons change, the trees enlarge,  
The shells renew their pearly homes, the birds  
Assume new hues, and serpents cast their slough,—  
Or, as Humanity doth ever change  
Its ends—first loving savage Strength, then Wealth,  
Wisdom next, and last of all, the might of Love.”

And more the old man said, while I sat by,  
And saw in wordless wonder all the shapes  
Appear and fade ; and oft I started up,  
As if to clasp the visions in my arms,  
And then in awe fell back ; and when the last  
Had melted into air, I heard no more  
Than I have written. But the alchemist  
Still talked of mind progressive, forms of love,  
And evil being but good in dark disguise,  
And fiends but creatures of the coward brain,  
And more of which I recollect few words ;  
But now it seems an echo of the cheap  
And sounding speech of our philosophers.  
His looks and words grew wild, and suddenly  
A shadow seemed to fall upon my heart—  
A voiceless woe to fill my startled soul.  
I felt some evil presence near, and soon

I saw the aged man spring up, and clench  
His hand, and gaze aghast at empty air.  
“ I will not yield my soul, O hated fiend !”  
He said, and then exhausted, speechless, pale,  
He sank upon the ground, and moved no more.  
How long I sat I know not, but at length  
I stirred, and rose, and ran in fright away.

## TO A FLOWER,

FOUND IN A CHEST OF TEA.

A FADED blue-bell in a chest of tea !

A messenger from distant regions sent—

A voyager across the mighty sea—

A link 'twixt continent and continent !

Though but a waif—a trifle—thou to me

Of many scenes and thoughts art eloquent—

Of scenes fantastic, beautiful and strange,

As lie within the world's unbounded range.

The Central Flowery Kingdom was thy home,

And thou, a witness of its light and bloom,

Art sent of Heaven, if not of men, to roam,

Imprisoned darkly in a fragrant tomb,

And tossed upon the surging ocean's foam,  
Until, enshrined within a student's room,  
Thy crushed and brittle leaflets are unfurled  
To greet the sunshine of a Western World.

Oh, that thy quickened life could flow again,  
And that we knew the silent thoughts of flowers !  
Thy deep-blue eyes and leafy lips would then  
Declare if other skies are sweet as ours—  
Would speak of wondrous climes beyond our ken,  
And wile away the silver-sandaled hours  
With many tales of that mysterious land,  
Around whose breadth the walls of ages stand.

And yet 'tis not because an unknown soil  
Bore thee, that thou to me a treasure art ;  
For there man's lot is no less one of toil ;  
He bears about the self-same human heart ;  
He knows the same sweet peace or wild turmoil,  
And frets out life in camp, and court, and mart ;  
The same winds blow, no other sunlight warms,  
And all is Nature's self in other forms.

This simple flower has deeper thoughts for me,

For that, like mine and every living soul,  
It has its own unraveled history  
Recorded on no earthly page or scroll ;  
For that it is a thread of sympathy  
With lands beyond where oceans roll ;  
' Within the infant rind of this small flower,'  
MEMORY ' hath residence, and ' FANCY ' power.'



## THE NEW PLANET,

A SONG OF THE SOLAR FAMILY.

---

### THE EARTH.

HAIL!—thou distant starry stranger!

Thou art a planet newly born,  
As once a star above the manger,  
Unnumbered in creation's morn,  
The Eastern wise-men saw at night,  
O'erhanging bright the Holy Child,  
And fading when the dawning light  
Outshone the day-star's glory mild.

So welcome to our shining number,

All hymning as we dance along;

We watch and fan thy infant slumber,

And lull thee with our aery song.

## MARS.

Hail!—hail thou twinkling fearful stranger !

Fear not my fierce and ruddy eye,  
And I will ward off every danger,  
When bearded comets, rushing by,  
Trouble thy young and tender heart.

A warrior I, with spear and shield,  
Will teach thy hand to hurl the dart,  
The bow to spring, the sword to wield.  
Then welcome, etc.

## THE ASTEROIDS.

Lo ! Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta,  
Thy maids of honor stars ordain ;  
And we will guard thy noon's siesta,  
And wrap thee in thy swathing train.  
The first bold ranger that appears,  
We'll clip its rays and weave thy robe,  
For, like the Fates, the thread and shears  
We hold, and clothe each new-born globe.  
Then welcome, etc,

## JUPITER, SATURN AND HERSCHEL.

Hail!—hail, our fair-haired cherub-brother!

Three giant brethren grey are we,  
Who think no ill if still another

Has joined our starry company;  
And if thy tender cheek and eye

Have found too bright the fiery sun,  
Give us thy little hand and fly

Where our wide wintry circles run.

Then welcome, etc.

## VENUS.

Come!—I will be thy loving mother,

Thou wild and rosy infant-sphere!

Ah, once I had just such another—

Nay, blush not, Mars, my cavalier!

They called him Love, while on the Earth;

He winged thro' all the worlds eleven,

But when they ill repaid his mirth,

He fled, affrighted child, to Heaven.

Then welcome, etc.

## MERCURY.

Again—again, sweet planet, hail !

Come, warm thee in the sun's great eye,  
And I will hush thy infant wail ;

For, thou wilt chill and fade and die,  
If thou art cradled in a clime

So far from light and heat and life ;  
Then heed no more their idle rhyme,  
And I will end the gentle strife.

Then welcome, etc.

## ALL IN CONCERT.

Then hail ye all the new-born planet !

Hail ye its fresh and laughing gleam !  
Oh, chase it—toss it—kiss it—fan it,  
Until it glows with full-orbed beam !  
Another prince of royal line—

A new apostle with us eleven,  
Among our ranks will henceforth shine,  
And teach to man the ways of heaven !

So welcome, to our shining number, etc.

## THE REMOVAL.

---

THE fiend had gone, and all was still  
In each affrighted hall and room ;  
And moonlight lay on roof and hill—  
A deathly smile across the gloom.

A grandame old had fled—a wound  
Her steps had tracked with dotting blood ;  
Within the hall a man had swooned,  
And there a trembling maiden stood.

She had escaped the vengeful arm  
That smote a father, mother, child ;  
And there she leaned in fixed alarm,  
And gazed around in horror wild.

A half-hushed cry was heard alone—  
The wailing of a dying girl  
Who lay where firelight-flashes shone  
On lily cheek and flossy curl.

And were these all that filled the scene—  
The living twain, the dying three?  
Ah, had we spirit-eyes, I ween  
There had been other sight to see.

The gloomy shadows of the night,  
The moonlight cold and pale and thin,  
The stars above, the fading light  
Of feeble fire and lamp within—

Had all been lost in light and song—  
The glory of a hidden world,  
And we had seen a gathering throng  
That stood with angel-pinions furled.

They stooped above the child—that host,  
And with them gazed two others there,  
Not pale and misty like a ghost,  
But as the angels bright and fair.

They were the spirits of the dead,  
In flowing robes of glistening white,  
With circling haloes round each head,  
And glancing wings of silver light.

They watched until the wailings ceased,  
And, flame-like from the lifeless clay,  
The infant-spirit was released,  
Awakened to immortal day.

As birds shake off the spangled dew,  
And greet the dawn and cheerly sing,  
The infant to its parents flew  
With joyful flutter of the wing.

Then, hand in hand, they trod the air,  
And touched no more the sanguined floor ;  
Nor is their presence heeded there,  
Nor needs their passage open door.

A parting glance at hallowed home  
They cast—their journey then begun,  
They mounted thro' the starry dome,  
And passed the last resplendent sun.

Still up they floated, hand in hand—  
It was a glorious sight to see !  
Around them still the flaming band,  
With song and heavenly pageantry.

At length, a glory met their sight,  
That mortal eye may not behold—  
Broad gates of pearl, and spires of light,  
And long-drawn streets of lucid gold.

They reached at last the inmost space  
Where, on a lofty jasper throne,  
Sat ONE from whose unveiled face  
The earth and heavens may well have flown.

They stood amid the sun-like glow—  
The child and parents in a band,  
And looked not up and bowed them low,  
With covered face and clasping hand.

They took no harp—no anthem sang,  
But knelt in humble silence there,  
And, (while the heavens with welcome rang,)  
For him who slew them, breathed a prayer.



## THE ELM-SYLPH.

---

A BEAUTIFUL elm, with a maidenly form,  
That smiles in the sunlight and swings in the storm,  
Has shaded my window for many a year,  
And grown, like a sister, more lovely and dear.  
It whispers me dreams in the faint summer days,  
And sprinkles my table with gold-floating rays ;  
It sings me its music thro' all the hush'd night,  
And shows me a glimpse of the stars' stealthy light ;  
It curtains the glare of the awakening dawn,  
And woos back the dusk on the shadowy lawn.  
Oh, long have I loved thee, my Elm—gentle Elm !  
Thou standest as proud as the queen of a realm,  
And winningly wavest thy soft leafy arms,  
Like a beautiful maid who is conscious of charms.  
Oh, oft have I leaned on thy rough-rinded breast,  
And thought of it oft as an iron-like vest—

No breastplate of steel, but a corslet of bark  
That hid the white limbs of my Joan of Arc !  
Shout—shout to thy brothers, the forests, I said,  
And lead out the trees with a soldierly tread ;  
Thou art armed to the head, and hast many a plume—  
So marshal the trees, and avert their sad doom ;  
Enroll all their squadrons and lead out the van,  
And turn the swift axe on your murderer—man !  
But ah,—thus I said evermore,—ah, the trees,  
Though they wail in the tempest and sing in the breeze,  
Have never a soul and are rooted in earth !  
They live and they die where they spring into birth ;  
The stories of Dryads are only a dream,  
And trees are no more than they outwardly seem.

One evening I heard the low voice of the tree  
That told all its griefs and its joyings to me ;  
The moon, overspread with a white misty veil,  
Seemed quitting its grave, like a spectre-face pale ;  
I looked at the elm, and I gazed at the moon—  
How long I know not—but I started, as soon  
A smooth little hand, with a velvet embrace,  
Took mine in its clasp—but I saw not a face ;  
I saw but a hand stealing out from a branch,

Whose leaves 'gan to wither, the rough rind to blanch,  
And soon all the trunk and the off-shoots to strain—  
To writhe and to swell like a serpent in pain—  
Or like the nymph, Daphne, when she was pursued  
And, changed to a laurel tree, pantingly stood.  
An arm—lily arm!—and a neck—snowy neck!  
And, lo, all the elm tree is falling a wreck;  
Like a butterfly's chrysalis, bursts all the bark,  
And forth as a sylph springs my Joan of Arc!  
My heart! how she struggled and swayed, when the wind  
Blew hither and thither, and shrieked like a fiend:  
With the strong wind she wrestled, then flew to my side—  
Said silverly, "Haste with me!—now for a ride!  
O'er the breadth of a world, in a martial array,  
The forests are moving—so up and away!"

Away and away through the billowy air—  
One arm clasped around me, her long wavy hair  
Streamed back like a pennon of silk to the wind,  
As we left the still town and its glimmer behind.  
Away and away o'er the mountains and meads,  
I darted, upborne by no magical steeds,  
But buoyed by the hand of my glorying Elm,  
Whose wishes were wings that no storm could o'erwhelm.

We paused in mid air, and "Look downward!" she cried,  
"O'er a battle-ground, now, like the eagles, we ride."

I gazed and I quailed at the dizzying height,  
Made giddier still by the vagueness of night—  
But, gathering heart, the horizon I scanned,  
As it circled about, like a maelstrom of land;  
Wide—wide as eternity, towered its bound,  
And, deeply below us, the world spun around!  
Then nearer and slower it wheeled to my sight,  
As we sank gently down from the wildering height.

It ceased, and my soul!—what a vision I saw,  
As I looked down intently with shuddering awe—  
The forests were marching with far-shaking tread,  
As if ages of men had been raised from the dead;  
Interminable armies—a dark moving throng—  
Were crossing and wheeling and pressing along,  
And ranks upon ranks they were stretching afar,  
Till they moved o'er the face of a just setting star.  
Down, down we alighted, the Elm-sylph and I,  
On a mountain that lifted its bare summit high.

And why are yon trees on these thunder-scarr'd rocks?  
And why does the giant one shake his wild locks?

"'Tis the Emperor Elm!" said the sylph as she kneeled,

“ And he marshals the trees to a last battle-field !”

I gazed at the Shape, and it seemed both to be  
A warrior king and a towering tree,  
That strode in his pride, looking loftily down,  
And royally nodding his broad leafy crown.  
I saw all his gestures, but heard not his words,  
As he gathered around him his counseling lords :—  
A willow that bowed with its courtliest grace ;  
A birch with its ruffles and silvery lace ;  
A veteran oak and a tall gallant pine,  
Who spoke of the Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine ;  
A rough, stalwart hemlock ; a cedar bedight  
With helmet and lance, like a chivalrous knight ;  
A chestnut and maple and sycamore old,  
In red autumn dresses, emblazoned with gold.  
I heard their low murmur and little beside,  
Till the Emperor Elm, with a hurrying stride,  
Advanced to the brink of the rock's giddy brow,  
And waved his broad hand to the forests below.  
“ Halt !—halt, and attend ye !” he shouted aloud,  
And a hush smote along the tumultuous crowd,  
Like a surge circling out where a Titan had hurled  
An Alp into seas that engirdle a world.

“Halt!—halt, and attend ye, my gallant array,  
And list to the words that I hasten to say.  
No longer to stand like insensible mutes,  
It is given us to-night to unloosen our roots—  
To wield our lithe arms, to step forth at our will,  
By valley and mountain, by river and rill.  
The term of our bondage and groaning is o’er;  
We start from our sleep with tempestuous roar,  
And while all the nations lie closer and cower,  
And mutter of storms, ’tis the ‘Trees’ waking hour.  
We fight not each other, with man’s demon lust,  
But one common foe let us trample to dust.  
For men, with the axe and the furious fires,  
Have slain us and lighted our funeral pyres;  
They have sawn us asunder, they pile up our bones,  
And call them their cities, their temples, their thrones:  
They drink from our skulls, or, invoking the breeze,  
They ride in our skeletons over the seas;  
They pierce us with shot, and they make of us wheels  
To drag the hot cannon where red Battle reels.  
Oh, dark are the traffics we help them to wage,  
And dark are the ages of sorrow and rage!  
Battalions, stand firm!—for the dawn breaks afar  
That will startle the world with the earthquake of war.

Await ye the watchword—then pass it around,  
Till the rim of the heavens bend aside at the sound ;  
Keep close in your ranks, every squadron and square,  
Then rush like the whirlwinds ingulphing the air,  
On cities and palaces fearlessly fall,  
And leave not a roof or a man of them all.  
Oh rich is the blood that shall deluge the earth,  
And sweeten the soil that has nursed us to birth !”  
He ceased. Like the roar of the triumphing sea,  
When it surges aloud on a far distant lee,  
Re-echoed applauses ran sounding away .  
Wherever the listening wilderness lay.  
The Elm-spirit rocked on the shuddering air,  
That loosened and lifted her beautiful hair,  
As she clung to my arm, and extended her hand  
Where circled the billowy ocean of land.  
I looked, and the daylight was brightening the scene,  
And changing the landscape from duskness to green ;  
The forests seemed watching with myriad eyes,  
Awaiting the war-cry to shout and to rise ;—  
A flush on the hills and a flash on the streams,  
And the sun has arisen with far-slanting beams !  
“ Advance !” and “ Advance !” is the shout in the air,  
And thousands of scimitars mingle their glare ;

The Imperial Elm—lo, he leaps from the rock !—  
The forests are stepping with deafening shock—  
A sentinel aspen has tremblingly fled—  
Dense volumes of dust to the zenith are spread.  
Ho !—ho !—what a drumming of wings in the air,  
What a howling of beasts from their down-trampled lair,  
What a screaming of birds as they hurry away—  
No need of the gong and the trumpet to-day !  
On, on rush the forests in dust-rolling gloom,  
Like a gathering universe summoned to doom ;  
My Soul !—they are climbing this mount's dizzy height—  
Save—crush me, ye rocks, from the terrible sight !

\* \* \* \* \*

My storm-riven Elm tree !—ah ! little I deemed  
Thou wert slain by my side as I heedlessly dreamed.



## THE ICEBERG.

---

WE saw it in the dawning light—  
A crystal mountain, dim and vast,  
That rose abruptly thrice the height  
Of any gallant vessel's mast ;  
And far away, on either hand,  
It slept, a pale and shadowy land.

The surf was dashing at its base,  
And all its sun-tipt summits sent  
Their rillels foaming down its face ;  
It seemed a floating continent  
That, broken from the arctic world,  
To warmer zones the tides had whirled.

The sun arose ; the precipice

Blazed forth in lights of every hue,  
Like shivered rainbows in the ice—

The clearest green, the brightest blue,  
Pure amber, purple, ruddy gold,  
And silver spires, serene and cold.

Unnumbered forms of beauty rare,

Pale moons and meteors, suns and stars,  
And jewels such as sultans wear,

Seemed prisoned in with brazen bars,  
Or as a thousand crystal halls  
Were set for royal festivals.

We gazed until the glowing ice,

So clear and high, so bright and broad,  
Grew like a dream of Paradise—

The New Jerusalem of God,  
That, fairer than the clouds of even,  
Was seen descending out of heaven.

The gates of solid pearl were there ;

The glassy streets, the polished walls,  
Were glistening in the morning air,

As if with precious minerals—  
With jasper, sapphire, emerald,  
Too dazzling bright to be beheld.

Around the spires, the wreathing mist  
Seemed angel-forms that flew or walked  
On battlements of amethyst,  
And there in sweet communion talked,  
While we below were souls that wait  
To enter through the glorious gate.

Alas, that with so heavenly dreams,  
A thought of terror now should come ;  
The mount that thus in beauty beams,  
To sudden death our lives doom—  
May whirl itself with fearful force,  
And sink the ship that dares its course.

## AURORA.

---

THERE was a goddess of the ancient time,  
Who, every morning, in a saffron robe,  
Was wont, from ocean's brim, the sky to climb,  
And in her rosy car speed round the globe ;  
Her steeds were snowy white or flaming red ;  
Around her twined and danced the lovely Hours ;  
A flying Cupid waved his torch o'erhead,  
And all the way she scattered dewy flowers.

From out the dawning east she ever came,  
Pursuing swift the starry-mantled Night ;  
She heralded Apollo's wheels of flame,  
And flung apart the blazing gates of light.  
She was not seen of men, but in those days  
When fancies pure and beautiful were born,

The virgin daybreak, with its blushing rays,  
Was named Aurora—we but call it Morn.

There was, long since, a tribe of dark-brow'd men,  
Whose fires were lit along an inland lake ;  
They walked the lords of mountain, vale and glen,  
And o'er the waters traced the silver wake,  
Or sped in light canoes before the storms ;  
They passed away as silent as they came,  
But though no more are seen their gallant forms,  
The brave Auroras still are known to fame.

There is, by that same lake, a village now,  
That lines the shore where broadest lie the waters ;  
Nor does the wide young Western Empire know  
More noble sons than here, nor lovelier daughters ;  
The shaded streets look out upon the lake,  
And deep embowered gardens stoop to drink  
The waves that evermore in splendor break,  
Or, hushed to rest, in glassy silence sink.

Two shallops anchor yonder, side by side,—  
The “ Ellen Douglas” and the “ Water-Sprite”—  
Fit emblems of Undine and Malcolm's bride ;

Two steamers rush upon their foamy flight ;  
A spire and fifty lindens point to heaven,—  
A famed academy beneath their giant shade,  
As if to them, like warriors, it were given  
To guard the land with lifted spear and blade.

And there are waterfalls and singing streams  
Deep hidden in the hills, and sycamores  
Along the pebbled beach, and sunset gleams  
Far mirrored from the purple western shores,  
And white-wing'd boats, and many a moonlight sail,  
Regattas, rides, and Festivals of Flora—  
A thousand charms that would adorn a tale  
If laid among thy quiet scenes, AURORA.

Oh, rosy-blushing herald of the morn,  
Who, o'er the hills, salutes Cayuga's wave !  
Oh, dark-brow'd spirits on the night winds borne,  
If yet there linger phantoms of the brave !—  
Say ! is there in this round and blooming sphere,  
A sweeter spot to dream a life away,  
Than where among the trees is braided here  
The gem-like namesake of the dawning Day ?

## WELL'S FALLS.

---

BEHOLD the flashing waterfall !  
The rocks are bathed in sunset's beam,  
The waters, like the syrens, call,  
And spirit-like they coldly gleam—  
The misty-mantled naiads of the stream.

Now loud and full the cascades roar,  
Now low and soft they seem to sing,  
As when the wildwood warblers pour  
Their music in the ear of Spring,  
And make the vocal forests wildly ring.

But fairer than the spirit-shapes  
That fancy conjures from the spray,

And with its jeweled vapor drapes,  
Are those who gaze with me to-day—  
The votaries that here their worship pay.

And sweeter than the dreamy sound  
That trembles in the waterfall,  
And echoes from the rocks around—  
More sweet than Nature's voices all  
Are those that to the woods and waters call.

The trees, the skies, the clouds are fair,  
And beautiful this woodland bower—  
Its lulling tones and cooling air ;  
But lovelier than stream or flower,  
Are those who share with me this happy hour.



## CONDOLENCE.

---

SAY not thy soul is crushed, my friend,  
Or that thy dreams of happiness,  
At manhood's dawn, have found an end  
In gloom and tears and grief's excess ;  
Fly not to yonder new-made grave,  
Where lies the loved and crumbling clay.  
For, tears nor prayers can ever save  
A cherished form from swift decay.

But little that could once rejoice  
Is buried in the hungry tomb ;  
It holds no music of her voice—  
No youthful warmth and bloom ;  
It holds no sparkle of her eye,  
No beaming virtues of her mind,

No winning tone or parting sigh,  
No thrilling step or greetings kind.

The heavenly graces of her soul—  
All that is spiritual and pure  
Hath reached its bright, eternal goal,  
And will forever there endure ;  
All human charms and sympathies—  
All that the loved can here impart,  
Are shrined within our memories,  
And live in many a living heart.

Then mourn no more the spirit flown  
To meet the welcome of its God ;  
Her visioned form shall aye look down,  
By night and day, at home, abroad,  
To guard thy steps and bless thy dreams ;  
The sacred memory of the dead  
Is like a pillared light that beams  
A moving glory high o'erhead.

## THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

---

Go forth, and breathe the purer air, with me,  
And leave the city's sounding streets ;  
There is another city, sweet to see,  
Whose heart with no delirium beats ;  
The solid earth beneath it never feels  
The dance of joy, the rush of care,  
The jar of toil, the mingled roll of wheels ;  
But all in peace and beauty there.

No spacious mansions stand in stately rows  
Along that city's silent ways ;  
No lofty wall, nor level pavement, glows,  
Unshaded from the summer rays ;  
No costly merchandise is heaped around,  
Nor pictures stay the passer by,

Nor plumed soldiers march to music's sound,  
Nor toys and trifles tire the eye.

The narrow streets are fringed with living green,  
And weave about in mazes there ;  
The many hills bewilder all the scene,  
And shadows veil the noonday glare.  
No clanging bells ring out the fleeting hours,  
Bet sunlight glimmers softly thro',  
And marks the voiceless time in golden showers  
On velvet turf and lakelets blue.

The palaces are sculptured shafts of stone  
That gleam in beauty thro' the trees ;  
The cottages are mounds with flowers o'ergrown ;  
No princely church the stranger sees,  
But all the grove its pointed arches rears,  
And tinted lights shine ~~thro' the trees,~~ *in the trees,*  
And prayers are rained in every mourner's tears  
Who for the dead in silence grieves.

And when dark night descends upon the tombs,  
No reveler's song, nor watchman's voice  
Is here ; no music comes from lighted rooms

Where swift feet fly and hearts rejoice ;  
'Tis darkness, silence all ; no sound is heard  
Except the wind that sinks and swells,  
The lonely whistle of the midnight bird,  
And brooks that ring their crystal bells.

A city strange and still !—its habitants  
Are warmly housed, yet they are poor—  
Are poor, yet have no wish, nor woes and wants ;  
The broken heart is crushed no more,  
No love is interchanged, nor bought and sold,  
Ambition sleeps, the innocent  
Are safe, the miser counts no more his gold,  
But rests at last and is content.

A city strange and sweet !—its dwellers sleep  
At dawn, and in meridian light,—  
At sunset still they dream in slumber deep,  
Nor wake they in the weary night ;  
And none of them shall feel the hero's kiss  
On Sleeping Beauty's lip that fell,  
And woke a palace from a trance of bliss  
That long had bound it by a spell.

A city strange and sad !—we walk the grounds,  
Or seek some mount, and see afar  
The living cities shine, and list the sounds  
Of throbbing boat and thundering car.  
And *we* may go ; but all the dwellers here,  
In autumn's blush, in winter's snow,  
In spring and summer's bloom, from year to year,  
They ever come, and never go !

### OMENS.

---

THIS, Harrietta, is your wedding morning,  
And may your hopes be ever bright  
As are the iris hues the trees adorning,  
But, unlike them, without a blight ;  
And, freely as the autumn skies are weeping,  
May blessings greet you from on high ;  
And, idly as the sounding winds are sweeping,  
May ills and sorrows pass you by.

---

OH, if 'tis wisdom not to love  
Where love responsive meets us never,  
The folly I will yet approve—  
To love the loveliest forever.

The heart can never be directed ;  
But one our Fancy's want can fill ;  
And if for this I be rejected,  
For this same reason love I still.

Nor do I place my heart too high,  
While to myself I yet am true ;  
My worthiness who will deny,  
Since I can love no one but you ?





# IMITATIONS.



## FLORALIE.

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE, IN TENNYSON'S TINTS.

---

LoFTY little Floralie,  
Dimpled, dazzling Floralie,  
Throned within my inmost heart,  
There thou shalt be as thou art,  
My soul-enfolded, pure ideal.  
Ever present to my thought,  
Mine eyes shall wake and close  
On thy image, though unsought.  
Fadeless, changeless, still it glows—  
Still it sparkles, dimples, dances,  
In my waking, sleeping fancies,  
As if no phantom, it were real.  
I cannot clasp nor follow it,  
For, like thyself, 'twill ever flit

With a far off gooddness-grace,  
With chaining, yet forbidding eye ;  
I bless, I ban that little face,  
Floating ever in airy space ;  
I frown and mutter, smile and sigh.  
Four years I saw thee budding,  
From a tiny, romping girl,  
With dancing eye and careless curl,  
Darting off with sudden whirl,  
Half in glee, and half surprise,  
When I praised thy jetty eyes ;  
I saw four summers flooding  
Thine eyes with love and light,  
Until they seemed,  
So full they beamed,  
Like drops of dreamy darkness, right  
From the very heart of night,—  
Each tipt and burning with a bright  
And glorious star. I saw thy form  
Round into rosy loveliness—  
Each wavy outline, full and warm,  
Of thine ivory neck and arm,  
Filling as fills the maiden moon,  
Ere maketh she the night as noon ;

Each long and sunny chesnut tress,  
    'Neath which thy girlish glances shot,  
    Now gathered in a Grecian knot  
Demure and simple. Yet no look  
    Of nun-like meekness didst thou wear ;  
For still the dimples of thy cheek  
    Danced in and out with roguish leer,  
As if a playing hide and seek ;  
And while they danced thou wouldst not brook  
    The liberty their beckoning gave ;  
For thou recoiledst proudly grave,  
    Burying thy softly-moulded chin  
In thy cushioned, haughty throat,  
    That, curving lightly downward, bid begin  
    To bud into a second cherub-chin.  
And ever from thy liquid eyes,  
Like sunlit rain from summer skies,  
    Or gushings from a crystal well,  
    Soul-sparkles overflowed and fell ;  
And ever from thy rose-lips musical,  
    A silver eloquence would slide.  
O thou so beautiful and wise !—  
A very sage in fairy-guise,  
    So full of gentleness and pride—

The holy pride of loveliness ;  
'T would seem that wayward Nature tried  
How much of beauty she might press,  
How much of intellect and grace,  
In how little, charming space.  
Blest be the air thou dost displace,—  
Or movest not ; for not of earth,  
But all of heaven and all divine,  
Thou canst not turn from dust to dust,  
But, cloud dissolved to cloud, thou must  
Exhale to skies that gave thee birth.  
I would not, could I, call thee mine,  
Nor wed thee,—nay I would not trust  
To see thee with these tranced eyes  
Steeped deep in melting memories,  
Lest it should break the dreamy charm  
That lingers in thy flitting form,—  
Lest the living, breathing Real  
Shatter the statue-like Ideal,  
That, shrined within my early heart,  
Has gathered to itself a part  
Of every ripening fancy, till  
A shadowy glory, warm and still,  
Doth all my silent spirit fill.

## THE LONE ISLAND.

(IN THE MOORISH STYLE.)

---

WHEN creation was finished, and man trod the earth,  
But one thing was wanting to gladden the scene,  
And woman then bloomed into beautiful birth,  
With her soul-flashing eye and majestic mien ;  
And thus, fair Cayuga, when thy sparkling sheet  
Was fashioned the loveliest lake of the West,  
Ere thy beauty transcendent was wholly complete,  
One island was added to jewel thy breast.

A lone little islet, all tangled and wild,  
With a few drooping trees for its natural dress,  
It is lulled by the waves like a slumbering child,  
Or is lapt in the calm of the water's caress ;  
It smiles in the sunshine, and moans in the storm,

Now mirror'd in stillness, now crested with foam,  
It looms in the tempest, a phantom-ship's form,  
And sleeps in the starlight, a syren's sweet home.

Here the carolling bird, from a sunnier shore,  
Now builds undisturbed her cool summer nest,  
While here in the winter, their wanderings o'er,  
The wearied waterfowl safely may rest ;  
And here we might fancy that many a band  
Of silken-wing'd fairies inhabit the bowers,  
And launch their frail shells on the smooth silver sand,  
Or dance in the moonlight and sleep in the flowers.

The goal of the swimmer—the bold Indian youth  
Here breathed and hallooed in his joy of the feat,  
Or silently thought how he plighted his truth  
To his moccasin'd maid in this quiet retreat ;  
The near circling shore the old warrior once sought,  
When the waters were still and the breezes were bland,  
And musing alone of the beauty, he thought  
Of the happier isles of the far spirit-land.

The Past with its memories hallows the spot,  
And dreams of the Future are hovering o'er ;



Perhaps it may nestle a fisherman's cot,

With its blue curling smoke, and the nets on the  
shore ;

Or pleasure may choose this secluded retreat,

And build up a temple of classic design—

There to lounge in the hour of meridian heat,

Or revel with festival, music and wine.

Lone Isle ! may thy beauty unchangingly rest

In its negligent grace as the years wander by—

As proud as the gem on nobility's breast—

‘As fair as a star when alone in the sky ;’

And though thou art barren to seekers of gain,

With no hidden treasures of ill-gotten pelf,

Thou teachest that nought was created in vain,

And that Beauty has value enough in itself.

## TAGHCANIC FALLS.

---

YE bards and travelers ! Oh talk no more  
Of Scotland's highland crags and lyns and lakes,  
Nor tell us how the waters at Lodore  
Come down, nor how the Rhine in fury breaks,  
Nor how at Reichenbach the torrents pour,  
And all the solid ground at Staubach shakes ;  
I care no more for these, nor sigh to see  
The Falls of Terni and of Tivoli.

I've read enough of these, and seen Niagara,  
Which is the king of cataracts forever,  
And it certainly a sight to stagger a  
Poor poet's or a painter's best endeavor ;  
And other Falls I've seen, but such a crag or a  
Remarkable cascade beheld I never

As that which gave me quite a poet's panic  
When late I gazed upon our own Taghcanic.

It lies about. (I like to be particular)

One mile from Lake Cayuga's western shore ;  
On either side the rocks rise perpendicular

Three hundred thirty feet and something more,  
And all the stream diffused in drops orbicular,

Descends in wreaths and falling mists that pour  
Two hundred feet and ten, or nearly so,  
Before they form again the stream below.

A friend of mine, as sweet as any nun,

Yet not as solemn, thought it like a barrel  
Of falling flour, and so would any one ;

But I remember nothing so nonpareil  
As the figure used by Alfred Tennyson,

Who "dangling water-smoke" does not compare ill  
To "broken purposes that waste in air"—  
Look in his "Princess," and you'll find it there.

A tourist, in his famous Alpine travels,

In speaking of a like cascade and glen,  
Some very striking moral truth unravels

Concerning streams diffused in air, and then  
Once more collected ; but I think that cavils  
Are justly interposed by critics, when  
One tries to turn all beauty to utility,  
No matter with how much confest ability.

I better like the thought of one whose look  
At this surpassing wide and deep abyss,  
Led him to ask how great a spoon it took  
When Madam Nature scooped a gulf like this ;  
Indeed, 'tis very hard to think a brook,  
Though it for ages roar and foam and hiss,  
And wear and tear with all its mad-cat strength,  
Could scratch so deep a chasm a mile in length.

But these are thoughts unworthy of the theme,  
Or, as the rhetoricians, term it—bathos ;  
And so I'll get up inspiration's steam,  
And try my hand at poetry and pathos ;  
For it is pleasanter to weave a dream  
Than in a jest to throw one's time away thus ;  
The Falls I therefore will apostrophize  
In metaphors proportioned to their size.

I hardly like it—this poetic way  
Of calling on the deep blue sea to roll,  
And urging cataracts no more to stay,  
And recommending stars to shine, is droll,—  
As if they would the voice of man obey—  
As if the rocks and waters have a soul;  
But since it is the custom I will try  
A verse or two of such sublimity.

Roll on, Taghecanic's wild and shouting stream!  
Here darkly winding in thy gloomy deeps,  
And there reflecting back the sunny gleam  
That slants athwart the cliffs and dizzy steeps;  
As wild and varied thou, as is the dream  
That hovers o'er the couch where Beauty sleeps—  
As wild and fearless thou as those whose claim  
To this our land first gave to thee thy name.

'Tis sweet to look on thee when summer's morn  
Hath touched thy lordly battlements with gold,  
And when the mists that of the night are born,  
In rosy wreaths and clouds are upward roll'd;  
'Tis sweet to see thy walls, with ruin worn,  
O'erhung with fragrant pines and gray with mould,

All silvered with the moon-beams cold and white,  
Or blushing in the torches' ruddy light.

Thine amphitheatre, ascending wide,  
Calls up a vision of the storied Past—  
The chariots coursing swiftly, side by side,  
Within the Coliseum's circle vast,  
The gladiator who in silence died,  
The shower of garlands on the victor cast,  
The deadly stroke—the shout—the cruel throng—  
I gladly turn from thoughts of death and wrong.

I love to think that in thy rocky walls,  
Where stands the strangely perfect gothic door,  
The genii have reared their magic halls,  
With crystal column and with pearly floor,  
And fountains where the tinkling water falls,  
And arching roofs with jewels studded o'er—  
A mystic realm in secret silence bound,  
Until the spell to open it is found.

I love to think that flitting fay and elf  
Are hidden in thy darkling nooks and dells,  
Or that, beneath the cascade's jutting shelf,

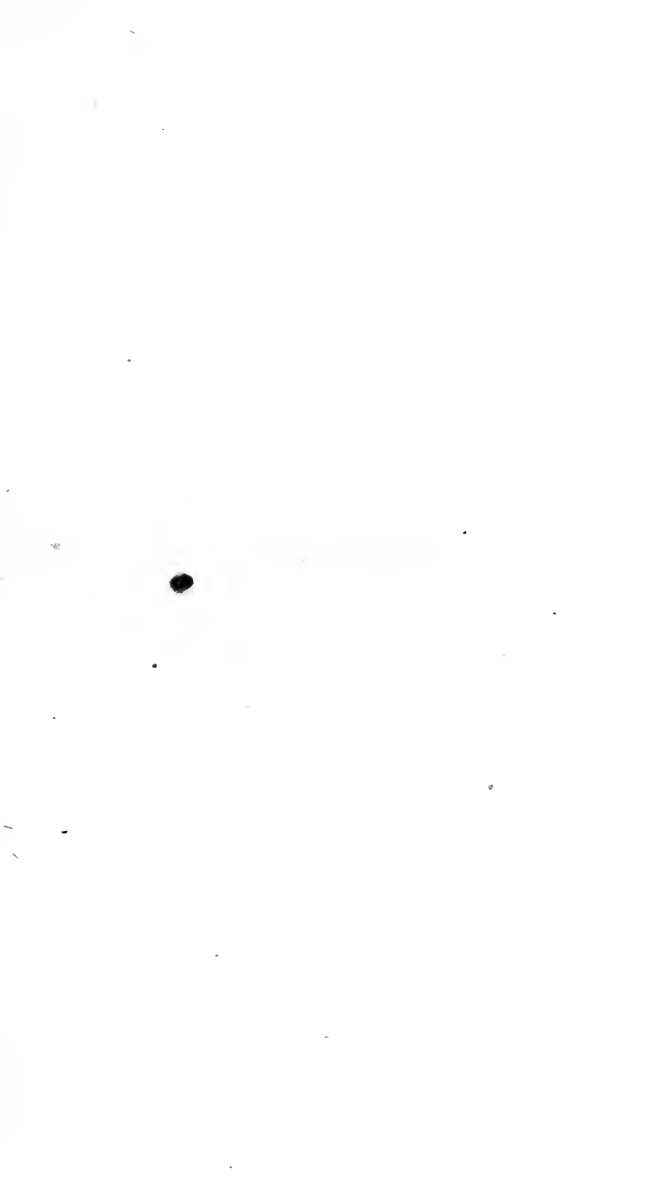
A spirit, matchless in her beauty, dwells;  
And wraps those misty robes about herself,  
And ever sings and weaves her wondrous spells,  
Until revealed at some fond dreamer's call—  
The lovely Undine of the waterfall!

What else I choose to dream is my affair;  
It is a very wild and lonely scene,  
And has a picturesque and noble air  
With all its foam and rocks and forests green;  
Nor is it probable that many care  
For it, except to say they have been there;  
And doubtless, quite as honestly as Pickwick,  
They'll tell you—'tis a *nice* place for a pic-nic.





# PROSE-POEMS.



## NEW WONDERS

### OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE:

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As a full account of the astonishing discoveries, now first announced, is to appear in a scientific journal, from the abler pen of the discoverer—Prof. Biglie, (who should not be confounded with Prof. Liebig) a hasty sketch only is at present offered, in order to call attention to the facts, and prepare the public mind for them. The substance of the discovery is, the existence of a race of winged and scaly men, (named by Prof. B. the ANTHROPOPTERA, from *anthropos*—man, and *pteron*—wing) together with a semi-civilized society, republics and kingdoms—in short, a busy continent beneath the one we tread upon. The reasons for suppressing every breath of the news, will be intimated in the course of this sketch.

To throw the brief account into a connected form, I may state that Prof. B., the guide—"Stephen," and myself, composed a party that, in four days beginning with

September 10th., 1849, visited nearly every avenue and nook of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky—Gorin's dome, the Park room, Indian avenue, Blue Spring branch, Maclure's path, Merriam's avenue, Cleaveland's cabinet, Serena's arbor, etc. On the evening of the fourth day, Sept. 12th, we were returning to the Main avenue, when the fancy took us to make a second and last tour of the splendid Gothic avenue, and the subterranean scenery to which it leads. We had followed one of the Low Branches nearly to its termination; Prof. B. had loitered in the rear; the guide and myself were retracing our steps; but had not quite reached Bonaparte's dome, when we heard the Professor, from the darkness near us, calling out "Stop!—here!—here!" We turned, and saw a pit on the left side of the cave, illumined with his torch, and himself scrambling to the surface. With signs of extreme agitation, he urged us to follow him, saying that he had heard strange noises. We let ourselves down to a depth of six feet, into the pit, which is about the same measure in diameter; finding foot-place, we followed Prof. B. down the cavern, which then inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, and continued in the same general direction for two hundred yards, where it turned abruptly to the left. Here the Professor motioned us to be silent, and pointed forward where, within four feet of us, the tunnel was completely closed up by a curtain of stalactite. We listened, and to our utter amazement, distinctly heard voices beyond, conversing in a thin, sharp tone, and in an unknown language! Soon our wonder

was heightened to terror by the sound of heavy pounding and the splashing of water, mingled with the most unearthly shrieks and laughter. As we involuntarily turned away, the Professor suddenly noticed, and called our attention to the fact, that the obstructing curtain of stalactite was thin and translucent, and dimly shining with a pale light from beyond it. This had been before unnoticed in the glare of our torches.

We now returned to Bonaparte's dome, and held a consultation. The result of it was that, in ten days thereafter, we had procured, with the utmost secrecy, an iron door from the foundery of the Messrs. A., of Louisville, by way of the Ohio and Green rivers. The iron door has a window of close and strong grating, and a frame so shaped as just to fit a carefully measured section of the cavern, within a foot of the place where then stood the above mentioned curtain. The frame was also constructed with heavy hinges, so that it could be folded up and easily carried into the narrow tunnel, the door itself being sufficiently small.

Five stout workmen were next enlisted and pledged to secrecy; a storehouse car was rudely built; and, on the night of the 24th, the iron door, together with drilling tools, crow-bars, and knives and pistols, transported into the cave, some two miles and a half to the scene of operations. We arrived there, after two hours of hard labor; the same wonderful sounds were heard; and, lest the party of robbers (as we suspected them to be) might break through the natural screen, on hearing the sound of our

work, a pistol was fired as a challenge. Instantly, a combined shriek, as of a hundred apes, was heard, and the sound of retreating footsteps; then all was still. In two hours more, we had drilled holes for the iron pins that were to fasten the frame to its place; and soon the work was done, and the door locked. It should be mentioned that a pistol was fired by us, at intervals during the process, and that several times the same retreating sounds were discernible, but without the cries of terror; also, that soon after the first discharge, the sound of a seemingly distant bell, rapidly tolled, continued for at least fifteen minutes.

The Professor now assumed the honor of breaking through the calcareous partition, and revealing the mysteries beyond. A crow-bar was passed through the grating of the door, and, with one blow, half of the beautiful screen was shivered to fragments. How shall one describe our speechless surprise at the scene disclosed? Crowding to the window, we beheld a magnificent cavern, of great height and width, lined with beautiful spars, illuminated with a pale light like that of the moon, and, most astounding of all, filled with the vanishing forms of creatures that looked like white dragons, flying in the air, and running swiftly on the ground, while their shrill, treble cries pierced our ears! They soon disappeared, and our party, well armed, entered the hall, one man being left as door-keeper.

We found the cavern, in its general features, much like the well-known Gothic avenue, and with a large pool

of water near the entrance. Passing on, at our approach the strange beings, some distance off, would suddenly start from behind the stalagmite columns, and fly to a greater distance, hiding again. Now, for the first time, we noticed that the walls and pillars were apparently carved into grotesque images, in many places ; and the Professor discovered, on close inspection, that the pervading light came from a new species of phosphorescent fungus, completely coating the rocks where they were left untouched.

As a measure both of policy and safety, we at length paused, and the guide slowly advanced alone, leaving his torch with us, and holding out the Professor's gold chain and watch, in order that he might attract the creatures, whether they should prove to be irrational, human or infernal. It was a bold venture, but resulted successfully ; in a little while, one of the dragons was lured from his hiding place, became familiar with our brave "Stephen," and, by attempts to converse in language and signs, settled the doubt concerning his human intelligence. Many others of his species soon followed ; and so unsuspecting and simple were their natures, so ready indeed, like savages who first behold Europeans, were they to worship us as divine, that we acquired their entire confidence. Leaving the full and scientific report of the discoveries to the Professor's pen, I will give a few results of our five months' intercourse with the anomalous beings, closing with a brief description of a recent visit to the distant caverns or realms of "King Nono."

It was during the late examination of the stupendous hall where the ancestors of Nono are entombed, or rather suspended, that the fact of most importance to science and to curiosity, was developed. Before this, we had concluded that the *Anthropoptera* might possibly have descended from the Aztec race of Mexico, or the mound-builders, or some other superterranean human race; but that, most probably, they are an entirely distinct genus of mammalia. And this conclusion will not be a matter of surprise, considering the wonderful transformations the *nations* (they are nothing less) of these creatures have undergone. They all closely resemble the first one who approached us; and imagine our surprise, our positive conviction that he was of a new genus of animals, when we examined him in close proximity. His name is Oo. He is seven feet high, measures twelve inches around the waist, two inches around the wrist and ancle, and weighs only twenty pounds—a fact not at all wonderful when we consider, not only his form, but the effect of a peculiar diet, and a perfectly dry atmosphere on this race of beings, for many centuries. The mummy, found near the Main Avenue of the cave, and which was to be seen so late as 1813, weighed but fourteen pounds; and, in Paris, a human body has been reduced to ten pounds, by long exposure to heated air.

But this is the least extraordinary fact concerning Oo, and his race. From head to foot, and through and through, the tall attenuated creatures are of an almost colorless transparency—doubtless in consequence of the



absence of solar light for so many generations ; this circumstance, in connection with the proverbially salubrious quality of the cave's atmosphere, may account also for their great height of person. It is a common thing for vegetables, in a dark cellar, to grow very slender and luxuriant, and to lose their color. But the next, curious features of the *Anthropoptera* are their small, delicate, transparent scales, covering all except the anterior portion of the body ; the glass-like fin, like a fairy's wing, protruding from the back, the extended thorns of the spine evidently forming the rays of the fin, and being pointed like those of the *Acanthopterygian* order of fishes ; and, lastly, the strikingly piscine cast of the countenance, the whole being of a wedge shape and a beautiful softness of texture, the region of the mouth tinted of a faint rose color, the nose somewhat lost in the upper lip, the chin receding into the neck, the remarkably full eye standing out upon a flat cheek, and the ears multiplied into a series of gills. This approximation of feature to that of fish, is not so unaccountable since the ancestors of the race, preserved in a sort of Westminster Abbey, have been found to bear a close resemblance to the Aztec physiognomy, the nose being so prominent, and the face so receding from the tip of the nose both to the crown of the head and to the throat, that the change to fish-like features was easy and natural. But what produced the change is something of a question. It could not, of course, have resulted from so many generations feeding on nothing but the eyeless fish found in great abundance in the rivers of this part of

the Cave. It might have been gradually caused by the imagination dwelling on the fish that form their exclusive diet and are the only living things, but themselves, which these beings could contemplate ; and it might have been, in part, the pliant adaptation of Nature to that exigency by which, without fishing apparatus, they are obliged to plunge into the water and pursue their prey. We frequently observed them in this act, and it is noticeable that, with closely folded wings, they swam, not so much by motion of the limbs, as by a waving vibration of the body, like fish—so soft, slender and flexible is their whole structure.

The last, and perhaps most singular distinction of the *Anthropoptera*, is their wings, from which is derived the name given them by Professor B. These are formed of a thin, transparent membrane, attached, precisely like the bat's, to the thigh, the side, the under surface of the arm and thence extending to the length of five feet, the phalanges of the fingers being extremely and delicately elongated, like the bat's, to sustain the vast membranous web or sail. The nails of the thumb and toes had assumed a strong hook-shape, being about three inches long ; how manifestly adapted to seize on their aquatic prey, to climb the caverns, and prevent a sudden fall in the darkness of those parts of the cave not lit by the phosphorescent fungi ! We observed, too, that they slept while suspended by these hooks from the walls. Countless nerves are also distributed over the membrane of the wing, as in the case of the bat, thus warning their possessors, though in utter darkness, of every approach to

the sharp rocks and pointed spars ; indeed, so sensitive are these nerves, the Anthroptera seemed to fly as rapidly and safely in the darkest as in the lightest avenues. How evidently has Nature, by a slow process, thus guarded them from injury in motion, from those frequent pits in the cave where, without wings, they would be dashed dead ; and how is their confinement here thus compensated by a new, happy power, and their range of enjoyment extended !

As before remarked, we did not seriously entertain the idea of their Adamic origin ; but the fact is settled by the remains in one of their Halls of the Dead. Here, as we have learned from certain hieroglyphics deciphered by our winged friend Oo (who is quite an antiquarian in the records of his race)—here are the actual remains of the eleven ancestors of the Anthroptera, who, three thousand years ago, were accidentally enclosed in this endless branch of the Mammoth Cave, by an earthquake which sank an immense mass of rock, completely and forever closing up the avenue by which they had entered. This spot, we afterwards visited, and found indications of the truth of the inscriptions ; but none of the race, of course, had ever dreamed of the passage through which we entered, so entirely was it screened by the thin stalactite formation. To return to the point of enquiry, we found the eleven progenitors perfectly preserved by the dry air, and exhibiting not one of the fish and bat characteristics of their descendants ! This fact, well known to them all, undoubtedly procured us a more ready reception ; indeed they

gave us to understand that the thunder of our pistols, and afterwards our strange bodies, (knowing nothing of dress) were the reasons of their extreme alarm. Our destitution of wings and our flat, perpendicular faces immediately reminded them of the eleven mummies, and of the traditions of the earthquake and the outer world, perpetuated by the hieroglyphic epitaphs. And, now, the fact of special interest is, that from the eleven, in a series of mummies ranged along the Hall, may be distinctly traced the gradual approximation of the race to its present type! Nothing can be more unquestionable and interesting. And the circumstance that the eleven are only of the ordinary height of five and a half feet, decides that they were not of the same race with the giant men whose skeletons were long ago found by the nitre-miners, in and about the entrance of the Cave.

Such is a running account of the appearance and origin of the Anthropoptera. Conceive our ever increasing interest in the really beautiful, human dragon-flies!—our unabated wonder at their grotesque forms—so tall, so incredibly slender, so transparent that they seemed like living crystal, and their whole internal organization—the brain, the heart, the circulation of colorless blood—all could be seen at a glance; their heads covered with silver hair, three feet in length; their dorsal fins opened or folded down at pleasure, like fans of glass; their scales, coating the back and sides, like a fairy armor of lucid snow-spangles; their wings, each, as it were, the half of an umbrella of white, oiled silk, stretched on white bones as

delicate as willow-branches, and closely shut upon the body, or fanning the air, and sweeping an arc of five feet radius; and then the indescribable *coup d'oeil* formed by the long vistas of caverns resembling lighted streets, gardens of lilies, temples, halls of statues, where the spirit-creatures were moving in countless numbers, their wings and scales glistening in the soft, dreamy light of phosphorescence. Here they were darting like pale meteors, there poising on their quivering sails, now suspended from the roof and now sliding up or down the columnar stalactites, at one moment walking in stateliness along the encrusted floor, at another diving into the still rivers and splashing the water in the wildest glee, their thin, clear voices all the while making melody as of innumerable flutes! The scene cannot be pictured—can only be seen and felt.

The reasons for suppressing this discovery so long, will now be appreciated. A premature disclosure would have defeated the purpose to cultivate the friendship of the Anthropoptera, and learn their mysteries—might, indeed, in the rush of rude visitors, have ended in bloodshed. Then, too, if any of the beings had been dragged forth, or suffered to come into the light of day, its unaccustomed rays would have tortured them like needle-points; and the variable temperature of our air, especially a sudden transition to our diet, would have resulted in immediate death to them. One of them, with his own consent, has been exported from the cave in a tight cage, carefully heated to the point of temperature of the cave—52 degrees; and

the experiment is now four months in progress, how safely he can accommodate himself to solar light and our food, and, more than all, what physical changes will thus be produced. The results are already wonderful; his body has increased in bulk, is assuming our proportions and fleshy opacity, the scales seem to be loosening, and the wings are withering away. Doubtless an asylum will eventually be erected for this end, and thus the Anthroptera will be restored to the world, and advanced to the dignity of American citizenship. One or two facts were developed in the dissection of bodies given us; they have the organs of amphibious animals, and their bones are hollow tubes, without marrow, like those of birds; this explains still further, their buoyancy and light weight. We observed, also, that one eyeless fish, weighing two pounds, afforded twenty of them sufficient food for one day; so light diet, and the fact that the dead bodies of all but the gentry and geniuses, are thrown into the rivers as food for the fish, account for the sustenance of the multitudes we saw in various avenues. The bell, by the way, which we heard before entering their abode, is a musical stalactite, struck as a tocsin of alarm to call together the myriad beings. It is much larger than the one destroyed many years ago, in another part of the cave.

There is time only to hint disconnectedly at a few more facts.

The apartments discovered seem not only to occupy the space between the well known Cataracts and the River Styx, but also to underlie both, extending we know not

how far beyond. There is, likewise, a belief among the Anthropoptera, that a cavern two thousand miles in diameter, extends beyond to the eastward, and that it is inhabited ; if so, half of the United States and a part of the Atlantic, overhang an immense abyss formed by some geological convulsion—a cavity that must be balanced by another beneath Asia. Columbus, it is well known, thus reasoned the existence of this continent. But the discoveries already made, will warrant us in calling the Mammoth Cave a new continent—as we have a South and North America, this might be called Lower America. And it is interesting to reflect that all the planets may not only be superficially inhabited, but also perforated throughout, and swarming with an internal population, like ant-hills.

The halls and rooms discovered, are many of them far more wonderful than any hitherto known. In some places, the calcareous matter assumes the forms of inverted forests, ships, camel-leopards, ostriches and Bunker-Hill monuments. The sulphates of lime and magnesia are crystalized into even more curious forms than those in the cavern called Cleaveland's Cabinet—sometimes taking the shape of cut-glass ware, pyramids of cake, pumpkins, and frozen fountain-jets. There is one gigantic temple at least six hundred feet in height ; and, in the lowest cavern visited, is a cataract twice the size of Niagara—doubtless formed by the confluence of all the rivers in the upper caves. In the same region also are quartz rocks, like those in the Indian avenue, and containing masses of pure

gold as large as cotton-bales. From this metal, the natives, with fragments of flint and jasper, have carved out grotesque ornaments for their abodes, none of them, however, wearing any ornaments on their fragile and sufficiently beautiful persons.

We have not yet visited the locality where they obtain flint, chalk and red and yellow ochres. The flint and jasper may have been obtained from a sand-stone dyke like that near the Park Room; and red ochre has already been found by previous visitors of the cave. With the above colors—white, red, and yellow—the Anthropoptera have richly adorned the walls of several rooms, in patterns somewhat resembling the flowered Saracen style. This is especially the case with the splendid suit of halls where King Nono holds his court. Here, also, we discovered that the sinews of the dead had been, ages ago, stretched in lattice-work across the cavern, at intervals, and had become gorgeously encrusted with crystals, after the manner of alum-baskets; no more beautiful screens can be conceived. The same means had been employed to form the throne and its canopy, and the basket-coffins in the Dead Room, or Westminster Abbey. The sinews and skins of those deemed unworthy of burial, had likewise been formed into instruments resembling the guitar, to the music of which the courtiers danced, sometimes in an inverted position on the domes, or horizontally from the walls, or forming various figures in mid-air. With fragments of flint, many of the walls and stalagmites were carved; and in these the progress of their Fine Arts



for three thousand years could be traced from the rudest images to perfect ideals of their present form, in very life-like and historical or allegorical attitudes—some of them, indeed, were ideals of our own human figure, two of the eleven original mummies (probably a king and queen) having been evidently stuffed with the nitre-dust and Epsom saltz abounding here, thus retaining their exquisite proportions, and transmitting to their descendents models of the original beauty of the race. Numerous stalactites, carved in this, and also in the dragon-form, are connected by the original column to the roof and floor, thus presenting the caryatides style of architecture.

The wonders must be thus hastily dismissed. King Nono reigns absolute monarch in the northern branch of the new caverns. In the southern branch (where we entered) a multitude of the Anthropoptera constitute a republic, electing their officers annually by the acclamation of their wings. The year, by the way, is correctly measured by the great rise of the subterranean rivers, undoubtedly caused by the rainy season on the earth above. The highest water-mark is the day of election, and the lowest the period of New Year's festivity. In the republic, they are making commendable progress in the arts of design, and also in literature, their books being portions of the walls, sold out to authors by their government, and lettered and illustrated with chalk and ochres. Here, also, is the spot where their ancestors were first shut in by the earthquake; and many of the creatures had been cutting

away at the rock, in hope of effecting an escape from cavedom ; some indeed (whose name, literally translated, is ultra-go-headers) had dashed themselves dead in their impatience to remove the rock.

After all, the most important disclosures are found in the ancient inscriptions, as deciphered by our scaly friend Oo. One series of hieroglyphics runs thus ;—six figures in the act of running towards the left ; then (to the right and below) an extremely elongated human neck with the shoulders and breast (on which are the running men and women) and the head, around which are the moon and stars, and on its forehead several pyramidal projections. With the aid of Oo, we have decided that the breast of the large figure represents America ; the figures in motion, six emigrants, perhaps escaping from pursuers ; the long neck, the supposed former isthmus that connected the West Indies (or South America) with Africa ; the head, surrounded with stars, the dark or night-like color of the Ethiopian ; and the short horns being emblems of the pyramids of Egypt, from the vicinity of which the first inhabitants of this continent—perhaps these very mummies—may have emigrated, the neck of land between the hemispheres having afterwards disappeared. This theory may now be considered a settled truth.

In conclusion, the world is especially indebted to our winged friend Oo for his assistance in interpreting many valuable inscriptions. He is the Champollion of the age ; and, like all his dragon race, is also a Sham-Apollion.

## AN UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

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WE are accustomed to expend our veneration upon human parentage and wooden cradles. We are loth to acknowledge our mother Earth—to confess that we were first cradled in a clam-shell. But our spirit's infancy reaches back to the lowest form of life. The oak lies not only in the acorn, but in the acorn's previous bud. The human mind, lies at first, in the sea-shell; nay, in the crystal. Here is the first pearly drop of created intellect as it falls from heaven; we are the after river. At first, we exist in the plant, sponge, and other species of Zoophytes; indeed, in this human life, there are often some traces of a sponging disposition left. In the shell, crystal, and plant, there is not yet the power of locomotion; nature kindly holds us on her lap. Then we arrive at quadrupedal motion; in this life, it is long before we forget it, and learn to stand erect.

Here we have a true pupilage of spirit ; chrysalis within chrysalis, noviciate within noviciate. Nor does this involve the atheism of the French naturalist, who dispensed with a First Cause, by insisting that organization can begin in a natural, chemical fermentation ; and, from a mere animalcule, work itself up to the physical perfection of the human system. Each material embodiment must decay ; it cannot change itself, by accident or design, into a higher, more perfect one. Each form of incarnation required a distinct, original creation, and is reproduced unalterable ; but our spirits glide obliviously from one to the other. It is the same winged seraph upon every step of the heaven-reaching ladder.

That our previous existence has left no traces in the memory, is no refutation. The analogy of temporary insanity and somnambulism, proves this simple proposition, —that we can have an active, and, to some extent, intelligent life within, and thus much more such a life anterior, to this : further, it proves that it can be accompanied with a suspension of certain faculties of mind.

It is wise that a veil of oblivion is thrown over our ante-human states. Otherwise we would be encumbered with a throng of useless recollections ; we would be forever looking back, instead of upward and onward ; we would relax our clasp upon that banner placed in every hand, and inscribed “Excelsior.” To be less poetic and more practical, there would otherwise be a proneness to conform our present to our previous modes of life. If gigantic nests, like those of the fabled roc in Sinbad,

were not substituted for brick and mortar, there would at least be some danger that this tendency would creep into the details of life. Possibly our housewives, in memory of their bird-life, might never be persuaded to furnish us with anything but 'bird-nest puddings.'

It is easy to be pleasant upon this theme ; it is hardly possible not to be quite smart in treating of it lightly. Transmigration is generally regarded as a capital jest, or as a fine, old, exploded fancy ; though rather more beautiful in brilliant explosion, than in dull, unquestioned reality. Let us remember, however, that it was once a belief ; and that there is something at the base of every human belief, suggesting, if not substantiating it. There is yet no Bible of Science, attested by miracles and martyrs, like the Bible of religion ; therefore it is a profound remark, when applied to science, not religion, that the "elements already exist in many minds around you, of a doctrine of life which shall transcend any written record we have. The new statement will comprise the scepticisms as well as the faiths of society, and out of unbeliefs a creed shall be formed."

Butler's argument for a future life rests on analogy, and it arrives at moral certainty. That argument, he himself admits, will equally apply to all animals ; but disposes of the subject by saying,—first, that we know not with what latent powers animals may be endued ; second, that their immortality does not necessarily imply any capacities of a rational and moral nature. The first supposition is directly in favor of a theory of Metempsychosis

which affirms that every animal is “but the novice and probationer of a more advanced order;” and that man himself is truly the last of an ascending series, through which he has passed. Mind may exist with some of its powers in action, and others dormant. There is, at first, no evidence of moral, rational capacities in the infant; why then should we deny them to be latent in all animals, exhibiting, as they do, many characteristics of mind? If they manifest some of its attributes, the burden of proof, not mere assertion, lies with you, that they have not every other. But ignorance debars your proof. We are not initiated into the mysteries of these Independent Orders of Odd Animals below us. As Coleridge says of the Platonists, so we may say of brutes—“if we cannot understand their ignorance, we should conclude ourselves ignorant of their understanding.” Who can gaze long into the quiet, thoughtful eyes of many of them, without a stout hint that there is more than we give them credit for; without feeling reproached for yielding idle consent to that calumnious philosophy, which would make them mere machines, to be annihilated, soul and body at death—the soul of them, at least.

The last supposition of Butler, that their immortality does not imply any rational capacities, is abhorrent to all conception of the designs of a moral governor of the Universe—to all ideas of the heaven of the Bible. It would give us the Elysium of the Indian, who, in his simplicity, peoples his Paradise with the ghostly game, which he is to hunt forever, in peace and profusion. Is it not more con-

sistent to suppose, that the great amount of inferior life, animal and vegetable, sustains a necessary, spiritual relation to us, and thus to the moral ends of the Creator? We can prove by analogy that, where life is, there is somewhat immortal; we deny that an irrational immortality is supposable; we assume that there is no transition from an irrational life to a rational eternity—that the conditions of our own probation, by analogy, disprove it. What are we to do? Is not the theory of Metempsychosis, just mentioned, our only alternative? Let us look further. Excuse a little prosiness; there is not much of this corduroy road to go over, and you will get upon a railway very soon.

There is a growth of mind, as well as of body; from infancy to manhood these keep pace together. How little of the god-like man do we discover in the animal glee, the pitiable weakness, the dawning intelligence of the infant! Yet the child's intellect becomes the man's. The river of an inner life is there; by gradual accessions it attains an Amazon strength and volume. Must we believe that, at our birth, it swells up from nothing into existence—an intellectual existence which is so soon river-like in contrast with that of the animal; but presenting a disparity no greater than that of those large streams, which disappear for a long way beneath the Earth's surface, only to burst forth with accumulated force and plenitude. May not

“Our birth (be) but a sleep and a forgetting?”

Allowing a little time for the infant's mind to get thoroughly waked up, it is only on a par with that of the most intelligent brute. Have we not here struck upon the same stream? The most sagacious animal, in its infancy, is on a level with the next inferior species. Is not this same rill the after stream, the still later river? And so we might follow up the series, proceeding from greater to less degrees of perfection, until we come to unorganized matter—the boundary beyond which there is no sign of life. The simile will hold from man to the Cedar of Lebanon, and from that to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. After looking at principles aside from forms, we may see that there is no impassable gulf between the natural kingdoms—that it is no great leap from man to the crystal.

The crystallizing energy proceeds upon the most precise mathematical principles; even as the honey-bee constructs its cells, with the utmost economy of strength, materials and capacity. Yet some would explain this latter phenomenon, by classing it with the merely mechanical process of the unscientific practitioner, who finds the contents of a cask with a guage, or ascertains his longitude with a quadrant. This will do, when they have discovered a Treatise on Geometry, or at least a few miniature instruments, actually in the possession of the bee, and of Nature's thousand, invisible, little crystal-makers. Until they detect these, we must believe that all of these little agents carry their theories and rules in their own heads. Go with your search-warrant to the spider and bee, and at least



show us a goniometer, or a pair of compasses, concealed upon their persons ; then will we hold them innocent of any cognition of intuitive truths ; then will we unhesitatingly believe that the musquitoes at the West, as we are assured in the broad style of Occidental hyperbole, literally carry grindstones beneath their wings, wherewith to sharpen their remorseless beaks.

There is the same evidence of intelligence in the crystallizing agency, as in the insect, or, outwardly, in the man. The doctrine, advocated by Addison, that *immediate* Divine efficiency is the secret of instinct, vegetable life, crystallization, and all of the ongoings of nature, no one, probably, will now maintain. Deity works through mediate agencies, by Him gifted with conditional self-activity. Show, then, that there is not as truly an intelligent agent beneath the insect and crystal, as there was back of the hand which wrote the Principia. Euclid and Newton were not inane chemical laws ; if we had no evidence of their personal existence, we would never consider their works, upon accidentally discovering them, to be an effect of blind laws, or direct creations of Omnipotence. It can be assumed, too, that the crystal has life—aside from the fact that it follows necessarily from intelligence—until some positive evidence is adduced to the contrary. It is not disproved by the fact that vapor and fluids, under certain conditions, always pass into crystallization. Life, soul—distinct and individual, yet incomputable and everywhere present—constantly awaits its appropriate conditions, to seize upon and organize lifeless matter. The semi-

transparent fluid in the shell of the chrysalis, is intrinsically mere inert matter ; yet it invariably passes into the butterfly, for a life principle is busily at work upon it. Nor must the life of the crystal, to constitute life, be prolonged beyond the act of outward completion. It is petrified in the act of growth ; its corpse is its own sarcophagus, its own pyramid. Indeed, one is inclined to think, at times, that the Pyramids of Egypt are nothing but enormous crystals, formed and left there by the soul of a Washington or a Bonaparte, when it first came into being, and centuries before it assumed the human form. People may have mistaken for masonry, the cleavage in laminae, parallel and perpendicular to the base, of the interfacial solid angles, which cleavage, by a law of crystallization, is a property of the octahedral prism ; and by which, after sufficient removal of the laminae, it would become a cube ;—a natural mistake, when we reflect that the minutest crystal, under a microscope of adequate power, would present the appearance of steps upon its surfaces ; and that, in the case of the pyramids, but half of the octahedron is visible ;—otherwise a strange mistake ; as if the account of Heroditus, that the erection of one of them employed a hundred thousand men for twenty years, is not manifestly a bear story ; as if the ancients possessed a mechanical force sufficient to raise those immense blocks of stone, which we cannot so much as move ; as if, granting its possession, it were not only an impossibility, but a libel on humanity, that such an amount of labor could have been directed in such a channel, for so long a time ; as if

supposing this possible, a simple, geometrical form of structure would ever have been preferred to the grand and grotesque architecture of Old Egypt.

Take breath, reader! You hardly expected to be marched directly over the top of a Pyramid. But we shall soon take the cars, and have an easy jaunt of it the rest of the way. In contending that the apparent lifelessness of the crystal is no evidence against a living, intelligent agency in its formation—that it is petrified in the act of growth—the remark was forgotten, that the law of gradual induration, which alone would set a bound to our lives, by changing the muscular plasticity of youth to fixed rigidity in old age, may be almost instantaneous in its operation on the crystal. However this may be, and for the present dropping the subject of insects and jewels—winged and wingless gems, between which there is not much difference after all—let any one prove it a false analogy, which reasons from our present, to a previous growth of mind, in some other state of existence, as a highly probable, if not a necessary, conclusion.

Again, the old argument concerning the identity of the soul through all the constant flux of the material body, will apply here. If we really inhabit successive bodies in this life, it is quite reasonable that we have passed through an anterior series. Certainly, there is a greater dissimilarity between an infant specimen of the class *Mammalia*, genus *Homo Sapiens*, and a full-grown specimen of the same, than between the latter and an individual of the same class, genus *Pithecus Satyrus*, in its maturity. If

Adam had ignorantly stumbled upon the infant Cain, in one of his scientific excursions, we doubt not he would have put the small phenomenon low down in his classification of the animal kingdom.

Once more, (we are almost in sight of our subterranean depot,) organized matter, it is well known, passes, by the process of consumption, from a less degree of perfection to a higher. The microscopic, transparent animalcules, everywhere pervading the ocean, subsist upon vegetable particles, washed by rivers into that vast reservoir, and there held in solution. These animalcules are the food of various polypi; these again are devoured by superior species, until we come to minute fish. From thence, there is an upward transmutation to those species which furnish almost exclusive sustenance to the fisherman, and pass into his bodily composition. Thus the fisherman has an unbroken line of aquatic ancestry, so to speak, on his *material* side. Is it not a reasonable conclusion, that he has a co-extensive, co-existent, and ascending line on his *spiritual* side?

So with us landsmen. The lichens are the 'first pioneers, who make an inroad upon utter barrenness.' Then come mosses, which thrive upon the decay of lichens. The soil, furnished by the mosses, gives root to herbage and grains; and these in turn are the food of animals. This same matter is often changed into a long, upward series of carnivorous animals, until it re-appears, refined and organized into our own delicate, physical structure. Now, are we to suppose that a new, distinct, vital princi-

ple was created at every step in this ascending transmutation of matter, merely to carry it along from link to link, and then at every step destroyed ! Was a new, differently contrived steam-engine constructed at every station, to transport this matter up the gentle inclination to the next, there to be demolished and give place to another ? Or, did not this same *locomotive mind* of ours take material freight through the whole track, from the animalcule and lichen to the man ? Here is our Grand Underground Railway ; running, not beneath the earth we tread upon, but beneath the earth with which we, and the whole world of life, are clothed. Under another view, it may be considered as in part subterranean, and in part superterranean. The starting point, the Ticket-Office, is beneath the angular roof of the crystal—in a certain variety of quartz, they have not yet learned to burn their smoke, which accounts for its peculiar discoloration ;—from this it is a short way out into the sunshine of our insect-life ; at first, moving slow enough in the caterpillar ; then, disappearing a moment in the chrysalis, as through a deep excavation, we reappear and buzz along, with a flashing lustre, through flowery fields and waving woods, until, at our insect death, we plunge into a tunnel's dark mouth, and are lost to view. Amidst the gloom and stunning roar about us, we swoon into forgetfulness of the Past ; then, emerging into light, we awake to the new and busier life of higher orders of animals. It is a long, mountainous way, and we are often in darkness and often in light, before the Elysian Fields of this human life open upon us.

Now onward—onward we whirl ; the anniversary mile-posts of life quickly come and go ; another yawning cavern—another grave is before us. When that one is passed, we trust to fly along a forever sun-lit track, like to that “ great rail-road of the heavens, staked out from constellation to constellation, on which the comet comes blazing upward from the depths of the universe.”

It is not very strange that we do not recognize kindred mind in the lowest forms of life. There, we see the little, creeping, puffing train in the far distance ; and thus cannot distinguish all the wheels and valves and pistons—in other words, these boasted mental attributes of ours. We stand upon a Dover cliff, and

“ The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air,  
Seem scarce so gross as beetles.”

It is not to be understood by all this, that we absorb the spirit, acquire the disposition of the animal we devour, as certain herbivorous ladies and gentlemen of our day suppose. Such a doctrine would lead us to expect, that the grave-robbing hyena would, in time, become quite humanized. It is not to be required of analogies that they hold in detail. Only prove this to be a false analogy, which simply reasons from the ascending perfectibility of organized matter, to a corresponding and co-extensive ascent of that mind, which confessedly co-exists with matter in its highest perfection.

We are forever looking at the form, the outward ; not at the inner, the principle. Respiration is respiration, whether by means of lungs, as in us, or by pores, as in

plants and some of the lowest orders of animal life. So, mind, the one principle back of all respiration, circulation, nutrition, is *mind*, whatever the degree of development ; it is life, and the only life. If the mere animal has not intellect, and yet has life, this life must be a *tertium quid*. But the highest generalization of existence is into mind, or intellect, and matter ; and matter is inert ; therefore life is a property of intellect. To get a theory of life, in its true, primary essence, we must leave forms and abstract chemical laws—mere correspondencies of certain dependent changes, not real agents ; we must go back to the primary, moving cause, subject of course to the Great First Cause. Now what is this inmost mainspring of life but my soul itself ? Is there another, created, independent agent to keep in motion the involuntary action of the system ? May not every inflation of the lungs and pulsation of the heart, though regularly excited by constant exigencies within, be the same in kind with an involuntary closing of the eye, or interposition of the arm, when the eye or person is suddenly endangered, by an occasional exigency without ? The fact of increased palpitation, in consequence of sudden emotion, would rather suggest that the acceleration and the usual pulsation originate in the same manner.

I like not this putting the reins into the hands of an unknown something within me, though there were just as much safety to this carneous vehicle. I (my mind) am not to be put like a band-box on the top, Sir Phrenologist, while your physical laws assume the driver's seat ; or, perhaps, being many, the rogues are mounted upon the hors-

es. Most triumphant simile ! The physical laws are rather the inanimate reins. I may be a very philosophical or meditative coachman, so that my thoughts are always upon something else ; but I will drive a four-in-hand (respiration, perspiration, circulation, digestion,) just as well for all that. Aye,—since the action of the system continues in sleep—I may be sleeping soundly, but I shall instinctively keep the road, until upset by a cold or an ague ; and then these same reins will only facilitate the catastrophe.

Cuvier's theory of vortices was very good. Life—that is, mind, according to the foregoing—is a little, eddying whirlwind which draws up from the earth these columns of dust, which we call body, plant, tree ; these spheres of dust, which we name crystal, porcupine, elephant—an odd collocation, for it is hard to forget forms, and come back to essentials. We cannot watch invisible, nude spirit, between its disrobing and the re-investment of it with the body. Nature does not let us into the mysteries of her boudoir, and therefore we do not identify ourselves with those forms of life, which are only the morning dishabille of our spirits. But who shall say that it is not the same, identical efficiency or mind, which, in its true, farthest infancy, seizes the vapor of your very breath, and shoots it out, particle by particle, into beautiful frost-work upon the window-pane ; or, in the deep recesses of the earth, gathers and condenses carbon into the diamond. Again, in maturer vigor, it flies to the earth's surface, attracts its gaseous and mineral elements, and pushes them up into the



light of day, all organized into a blooming plant, or iron-hearted oak. Still again, in later and wiser energy, it successively cleaves the air—an insect, then an eagle; or glides over the ground, a serpent, and then an antelope. Finally, having cast off the last of this long series of chrysales, having arrived at the last, earthly grade in this schooling of spirits, it fastens on purer matter and lovelier forms, and looks forth from the human face divine.

It was a crystallizing power all along. First, it tried its hand at common quartz, frost and snow; then at a starfish or pearl; now it can crystallize flesh and blood into living carnelian—can give us an awkward, rhomboid spar of a man, or a perfect, flashing gem of a woman. It can now go on, after giving itself body, and crystallize immaterial images and truths into poems, romances, codes of government, sermons, speeches. It can collect and arrange rules of conduct, and systems of Theology, from the intuitions of its maturer reason and the teachings of Revelation; and thus attain that stage of its being when moral accountability to its Maker begins.

There is another metempsychosis yet. We have not been introduced to the highest circles of the universe. We are not true Doctors of Divinity or Laws; we are not angels worth writing verses at yet. This mortal coil must be dropped. Spirit must wrap itself in its coronation robe—a final, organic perfection, when every sense will be infinitely quickened, and perhaps many new ones added. Now our wishes, as the proverb saith, are not even horses; then our wishes will be wings. Says Richter, in his

Dream of the Universe, "my body (as I dreamed) sank away from me, and my inward figure came shining forth; by my side stood a similar figure, which flashed without ceasing. 'Two thoughts are my wings,' said the figure, 'the thought *Here*, and the thought *Yonder*. Think and fly with me, that I may show you the universe. Sometimes the flashing figure outflaw my wearied thoughts, and shone far from me, like a spark beside a star, until I again thought *Yonder*, and was with it."

This is the last metempsychosis. Here the old theories of Transmigration were at fault. Their authors had no revelation to discover this; therefore they believed that we might pass out of this into lower scales of life. But has Revelation excluded the idea that we may have transmigrated from other forms, from previous states? It speaks of the 'beasts that perish;' but nothing is predicated of the animal, in those passages, that is not of man, under certain conditions; besides, this and similar phrases may be accommodations to popular belief, like those referring to astronomical appearances. It speaks of 'the spirit of the beast that goeth downward, and the spirit of man that goeth upward;' but, mind you, it is a change of place, not annihilation; its spirit *goeth* downward, to be clothed anew in other clay; while that of man goeth upward, having finished its long series of earthly metamorphoses. Revelation has given us hints in point. What mean the assurances we have that the evil propensities of the brute creation were only awakened at Adam's Fall, and will cease when the Millenium begins—that then the lion

and lamb will lie down together? Why was it said of the ground, 'thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee?' How should human sin have infected a wholly *independent* order of beings around us? Verily, the germ of an assassin is in the thistle; a Lady Macbeth in the rose. We are the river, and the lowest form of life the rill. The poisonous fountain broke forth in the river's bed, but the deadly tide set back to the river's source: Your polemical philosophers must now go back to the oyster, and fight their battles there. Then they will come home with some apology for muddy metaphysics.

Speaking of Adam, in his case and that of all animals when first created, there is no need to suppose a transmigration, a preparatory schooling of soul; that, as well as their bodies, was created mature. Still, as no evidence of a race, corresponding to man, is found in the Ante-Mosaic systems of life, discovered by geologists in a fossil state, I am in doubt whether the spirits of those wonderful monsters did not somehow survive chaos, and enter into the present system. There was a spice of the Mastodon and Icthiosaurus in the old-time heroes.

Languages and literature have given us hints in point. What means the old, innate tendency to the *Æsopic* style of fable—a style peculiarly fascinating to the child's mind, which, from the recency of its transmigration, is undoubtedly possessed of a sort of consciousness that these fables are grounded in truth. Then too, there is the universal disposition to select proper names, as well as metaphoric designations, from animals, and apply them to men, in

view of some *real* coincidence of character. Above all, Nature has given us a thousand hints. What theory of indefinable instinct shall explain the occasional, extraordinary exhibitions of reason in brutes? What chemical laws will account for the phenomena of the sensitive plant, the shutting of flowers at precise hours, the fact that many turn their leaves and petals to the sun from his rising to his setting, and that some vines always climb from right to left, and others in the opposite direction—the former class reminding us of the left-handed tribe of Benjamin, or rather the tribe of Van Bunschotens, who, Diedrich Knickerbocker assures us, always kicked with the left foot. It is insane to deny that there is some sort of intelligence in all these instances. What mean those singular combinations of animal, vegetable, and mineral characteristics, termed Zoophytes; unless it be to confound your delusive classifications, and show that, under the Creator, the same primary agent is in all organization? The fact that the hair and finger-nails are truly vegetables, points to the same conclusion. The rose petal, my lady, may claim cousinship to your ‘rosy, tapering nails;’ the tendrils of the vine to your sunny ringlets. To be less complimentary, there is something more than ludicrous simile in that line of Holmes’,

“Her hair fell round her pallid cheek, like sea-weed on a clam.”

Take organized life in whatever form, and then prove that one agent is not beneath it all, ever one and the same in kind, if not degree—ever the same, call it crystallization, vitality, instinct, or mind.

In conclusion, for what end is the seeming excess of life—flying, swimming, walking, creeping, blooming, crystallizing life, all over the world, in wildernesses untrodden by man, in unexplored caves, in unsounded seas. Natural Theology asks for but one instance of design ; physio-chemistry demands only a balance of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, be the extent of both great or small ; our necessities, sensual or poetical, seek only a sufficiency for sustenance, or material for poetical imagery. For what end is the apparent profusion, unless it be that the whole world is a vast, musical, military, gymnastic, polytechnic school for the education of the soul, from the prism and fern to the man. How beautifully does this solve the problem respecting natural diversities of genius, by suggesting, for instance, that the mathematician was longer in the honey-bee and crystal departments than other men—that Euclid and La Place graduated directly from them into men, and thus had no time to forget their mathematics, like the rest of us, who, possibly, may have taken a long vacation on the prairies as elk or bison. So of the diversities of disposition ; these may result from the endlessly varied series of transmigrations of different minds, the characteristic disposition of each animal leaving its trace in the final compound. The last of the series at any point, may somewhat efface the traces of the preceding, and itself furnish the most prominent trait in the next form ; so that, by setting down our characteristics in the order of their prominence, we may trace back the ante-human history of our souls to their very starting point.

It is all a scene of trial, proof, in this antechamber of eternity. Wherever there is Will, there is some sort of responsibility and reward. The dignity of floating in the sunlight as an insect, right royally clad in velvet and gold, is not attained without a candidateship. Gradual ascent is a law of intelligence. There is no legitimate dynasty in Nature. Man does not wear the crown of the animal kingdom, without having seen some rough, subaltern service. He is not the Emperor, the Napoleon of Nature, until he has been successively the cadet, the corporal, the general, the consul. Our several deaths as insects, plants, animals, were the Lodi, the Jena, the Austerlitz of our career. The Waterloo is yet before us; from that scene we shall rise to a nobler empire, or sink to eternal exile.

The error of Emerson is, that he has linked spirit forever into nature. He does not acknowledge the last metempsychosis into a permanent, glorious, perfect state.\* With strange inconsistency, he makes spirit to grope downward into unconsciousness, after toilsomely groping upward—up and down in an endless circle; as if there could be a retrograde, after so long a series of ascending intelligence; as if, having reached the pinnacle of Nature's temple, we must not forthwith leap out of Nature, and float ever upward on new-born wings, until we melt to sight in the loftier temple-dome of the boundless heavens above.

And now, reader, say you, this theory, if not heretical, must always remain an idle speculation—it is not suscep-

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\* See *Essays*, second series, p. 21 2.

tible of proof? True, not the proof of the senses. But moral certainty can be reached without that.

Say you, there is too great, seeming, excess of animal and vegetable life to admit of the supposition, that it all passes into the human form eventually, if we consider the comparatively limited extent of our race? Perhaps not; but if you insist upon it, the objection can be avoided by reminding you that it takes a great many drops to form a river; that there may be a division of labor in mind-formation; as, in manufactures, the pin is pointed in one department, headed in another, and polished in still another. It was not a cat, a dog, or a hare, that was gamboling about twenty or thirty years ago, but it was simply your pugnacity, your timidity, with a little sprinkling of other qualities to give them personality; and thus, in separate embodiments, these attributes were working themselves up to perfection, until, freed from their earthy alloy, they could slide with mercurial ease into one mental globule. We have had many transmigrations; each state on the above supposition, was compounded of many forms of life; one Dr. Wigan has discovered that we have two co-existing minds; so that you must (taking the phrenological number of organs) get the thirty-ninth power of your whole number of transmigrations, and then multiply the result by two. This will account very satisfactorily for the great excess of all other races over the human.

Say you, what utility would follow, if this theory was proved true? Much every way. Its universal belief

would doubtless prevent an amount of animal and *vegetable* pain, incalculable—pain which claims our sympathy more than human misery, inasmuch as, in those forms of existence, the mind may have no glimpses of its better state to cheer it. Men would no longer be “considered famous according as they had lifted up axes upon the thick trees.” Our groves and shade-trees and shrubs would be spared. The amateur entomologist would be convicted of veritable infanticide, whenever he dared to pin a beetle in his cabinet. Balaams and Jehus would be no more; or if there were any, in the light of this theory, they would be terribly rebuked. Canary cages would be turned to sieves, and menageries to pedlar’s carts. Children would no longer be suffered to amputate insects, and sportsmen would be gibbeted, without trial by jury. Seriously, then will “man imprisoned, man vegetative, speak to man impersonated.” Then will we recognize in the insect and flower, a younger brother and sister, even as now, in spirits and seraphs, our elder brethren.

Why should it be humiliating? Why should we shrink with contempt, and exclaim—“*Was thy servant a dog?*” With deeper emphasis, might a sainted spirit, looking earthward from the walls of heaven, exclaim—“*Was thy servant a man?*” But no; a spirit cannot awake to this surprise, for death is not a sleep.

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.”



“Heaven lies about us in our infancy”

—if that infancy be our earliest one in the crystal. Our home is in the sky, and we doubtless came from thence ; but we cling to the rain-drop, in our first descent, and build a wondrous palace of it, even before we alight upon the ground. The clumsiest flake has elements of beauty, although, in general, these storm-gems come far short of perfection. They are, for the most part, such as the “common mind” might be expected to make in its first tumble to earth. It is seldom, for instance, that we have a shower of poets ; yet I remember a slight snow-fall—one still morning, five years since—so infinitely varied and splendid in its crystallizations, that, if I could be assured that one new-born genius did not accomplish it all, and that each, little, heaven-distilled intellect would complete its transmigratory ascent to humanity in just a century, I would confidently predict a plentiful crop of Miltons and Shakspeares, for the year nineteen hundred and forty-five.

## TRAVELS IN A DEW-DROP.

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As I reclined upon the dewy grass one clear, summer night, a seeming star shot down from the zenith, and, as it neared the earth, expanded into the bright form of an angel, bearing a long staff like a thread of lightning. The figure paused just over my head, and bending upon me its radiant eyes, whispered in tones æolian, "Wouldst thou know more of the mighty universe, and learn what part thou and thy little native star make of its infinity? And wouldst thou learn the brevity and vanity of Life, and the swiftness of Time?" Speechless with wonder and joy, and thinking that I should straightway have wings given me to fly through all immensity, (as in Richter's incomparable "Dream of the Universe,") I waved my glad assent. Immediately the figure touched me with the tip of its shining rod; no angelic strength flowed into my nerves,—no rainbow wings unfurled their ample breadth,

but a sinking, melting sensation crept over me ; I shrank rapidly, until I was diminished to an atom—so small that, in grasping for support at a particle of dust floating by, I fell headlong through a large tunnel-like pore in its very centre. As the point of space into which I was compressed, was at first just where the centre of my former body had been, of course I was several inches from the ground ; down this dizzy height I continued to fall, until, just before I reached the earth, I became frightfully aware that I was about to be precipitated directly into a dew-drop ! I drew in my breath, determining manfully to abide the terrific plunge, and swim for my life, although, as I descended an inch nearer, the drop expanded into a wide, shoreless ocean, as it were a whole round world of water. Alas, thought I, this is the penalty of my presumptuous curiosity. I endeavored to calm the wild tumult of my thoughts, that I might die with composure, when, as I approached yet nearer in my quick descent, the dew-drop seemed no longer a sea, but apparently separated into a cloud of mist,—then its particles widened still farther, until they lay at seemingly immeasurable distances from each other, and glittered in the moonlight like little stars. I descended between them as into a wide, glorious universe of scattered suns ! I had a cold bath after all ; for, passing to the very centre of the stellar dew-drop, I alighted in a deep, limpid stream upon the surface of one of its atom-worlds ; it broke my fall, and perhaps saved my life. I crawled to the bank, and throwing myself upon the soft turf, sought to recover my breath and

composure. Suddenly my eye caught a gleaming particle at my feet—a dew-drop within a dew-drop; how small it was you may barely guess, when you reflect that it bore the same proportion to the globules of dew you see upon the grass, that those globules do, not to this immense earth, but to the whole visible heavens. I trembled lest the angel should appear, and touching me—a poor atom—I should be a second time diminished into an *atom of an atom*—a very monad of a monad; and falling into a second drop, I might be lost to myself in complete annihilation, even as I was already lost to my friends and the outer world. Shuddering at the thought, I looked up into the sky of dewy particles, and although I knew it was all contained within a mere drop, yet so complete was the illusion, and so perfect the harmony of proportion between myself and everything else, that I could hardly believe I was not of my old gigantic human size, and looking up into the same old heavens. And if I were, thought I, might I not be laboring under a similar illusion; and may not the sons and daughters of Adam have just as exaggerated notions of their own size and importance, and of the bulk of their earth, and of the sublime distances of their stars, as the inhabitants of this to them invisible atom-world?

I have neither time nor inclination to describe the scenes and adventures I passed through in my atomic travels, but will merely give a few general results of my observations. It is sufficient to say that the little globe cor-

responded in many respects with that greater one, upon which its whole surrounding firmament of microcosms rested, in the form of a sparkling dew-drop. That which struck me most forcibly at first, was the fact that the computation of time upon this terraqueous particle, and the length of life enjoyed by its inhabitants, corresponded perfectly with the size of the atom. An hour with us was a thousand years with them, and consequently the eight hours of a summer night, during which, only, the dew-drop (their universe) could exist, would just equal the time of our world's existence, if we suppose the final conflagration to take place two thousand years hence. A year with them was equal to four seconds of our time, sixteen years to nearly one minute, and the most protracted life, four score years, was completed in just five minutes. So inconceivably rapid, however, was the train of their thoughts and actions, and so crowded with events and enjoyments was their brief span of time, that their lives seemed quite as long to them as ours to us. They took a sound night's rest in the one hundred and eightieth part of a second, and I met with certain ladies and gentlemen of wealth and elegant leisure, who complained bitterly of "dull times" and *ennui*, and who spent nearly all their lives in sleep, amusements, or at their toilets, the better to "kill time" and pass away long days which, by our computation, were only so many small fractions of a second. They reached their full stature and maturity in one minute from their birth, and were soon married, made or lost their fortunes, and in four minutes,

at the farthest, after they had come of age, they sank into the grave with age and decrepitude. Their poets, indeed, were much given to discoursing upon the frailty and shortness of life, but it was generally regarded as weak, innocent cant and common-place, for the memories of these ultra-microscopic beings could recall but little that happened a half-minute before (eight of their years) and they looked forward, at every age, to a long, leisurely life before them. Certainly, many of them occupied all of their five-minute lives in preparing for, and building splendid edifices, and cultivating beautiful gardens and trees around them, as if they were to enjoy them more than one brief moment; many also were hoarding little heaps of gold-dust, every particle of which was as much smaller than the atom-world itself, as a guinea is smaller than our massive planet.

So conformed was I, in mental and physical structure, to these little, rational, talking, laughing monads, and with such an *unconscious* velocity, corresponding to my size, did my thoughts, motions, waking and sleeping fractions of a second come and go, that at first I had great difficulty in keeping the human measures of time, and could hardly realize that all these events were passing in a summer's night. In one thing I differed from them; the angel had endowed me with an atomic immortality, so that I became a great subject of wonder to the generation which arose after the one I had first fallen upon. All the noted philosophers and doctors, by this time, began to flock around me, to know if I had adopted their several theo-

ries and modes of diet; and I was equally claimed as a living confirmation of their systems of practice, by the advocates of homœopathy, allopathy, and the water-cure. But the third generation of theorizing *atomites*, which arose four minutes after the last had died away, took no philosophical notice of me; I became an object of superstitious terror, and figured largely in novels and romances as a sort of haggard *Wandering Jew*, who was doomed never to die. About this time, for another reason, I was imprisoned in a dungeon, where I lay the rest of the night, (their thousands of years) until morning broke and the drop exhaled. Before I come to this grand catastrophe, one word as to the state of science and politics with the inhabitants of this central particle of dew.

At the time of my first arrival, the prevalent theory was similar to that of Ptolemy; they supposed that, at a great distance from their terraqueous particle—perhaps the thousandth part of a hair's-breadth—it was surrounded by all the other visible particles of the drop, revolving with inconceivable rapidity around the central one, and making an inaudible but sublime “music of the spheres.” Some twelve hundred years after, (an hour and twelve minutes with us) a new theory superseded, which made the drop stationary, the central particle revolving on its axis, and gave to the surrounding star-like atoms their true distances. Four hundred of their years later, instruments were constructed which put to flight their long-cherished idea that their little spangled globule reached outward in all directions invisibly and indefinitely, so that the whole uni-

verse was nothing but that drop infinitely extended, and making one interminable ocean of dew ! They found its shape and bounds, and, moreover, discovered thousands of other dew-drops scattered all around them, which, with their telescopes, appeared like crowded firmaments of suns. This was a sublime advance in their knowledge, to be sure ; but unluckily I ventured to assure them that there is a vast, substantial, enduring world, around which all those clouds of stars were scattered in thick profusion, like the dew upon their own atom-world ; that this invisible world would endure when their planet and skies of dew had been exhaled, exploded, and “ no place found for them ;” that the unseen world is filled with mansions, towers, palaces, and inhabited by beings as much superior to theirs and to them, as they and their abodes were to any still more minute beings and habitations which they might imagine to be contained in a single drop from their flowing streams.

All this was received, at first, as a very good moon-story or Gulliver’s tale ; but when they found I was in earnest, they shut me up as a poor deluded lunatic ! In a little hollow atom of a dungeon, having one window grated with bars irrefragible, yet invisible to a spider’s eye, did I remain for the rest of the night, although to them and myself it seemed several thousand years. A king was on the throne when I was first confined, and my keepers were continued in office during life ; they succeeded each other in the freshness of youth, but, one after another, grew old and grey, and died. Towards morning a



republic arose in place of the monarchy; and then there was a rotation in office every year,—in other words all public officers were ejected every four seconds.

But I hasten to the final and terrible catastrophe—the conflagration of the atom-world, which indeed was nothing more than the rising of our sun, and the evaporation of the dew! The increasing light of the dawn, lit up the particles with a lustre strange to the inhabitants of the atom, and unknown in all their history, for the drop which formed their vaulted heaven of stars had hitherto been only illumined by moonlight. As the light increased, their stars seemed growing in size, and shone with almost intolerable splendor, and it was generally believed by them that the whole universe was rapidly approaching, as if on all sides it had conspired to crush their wicked little world. But their philosophers assured them that, at the most rapid rate, those stars would not reach them in hundreds of years. This soon quieted their fears, and they went dancing and laughing to their business and recreations. But soon there was light enough for them to get glimpses of our earth and its scenery, which had thus far been dark and viewless, for the moonlight only revealed the dew-drops; they grew terrified at the dim blades of grass which seemed like long streaming comets of a green sulphurous brilliance, and they shouted in terror at several moving forms of men, who were early going afield, and whose heads towered far above their utmost sight. Suddenly the sun looked over the eastern hills; they could not see its disc, but verily they could behold its

warm rays, which came darting into the dew-drop—that is, their heavens, like broad, vivid sheets of lightning, long as the universe, and so thick and incessant as almost to melt into one vault of blinding fire ! The outermost particles of the drop, which just before appeared like mighty suns plunging in wrath upon the atom-planet, now, as they evaporated, seemed to explode in crashing thunder and disappear forever. Nearer and nearer came the devastation ; one by one—nay, by hundreds, they were blotted out, and their explosions shook the inmost atom of a world, where I stood in mute horror.

The dew-drop skies grew intensely hot to me and the inhabitants of the particle ; our delicate senses could not endure it, and the gentle warmth seemed to us like a furnace heated seven-fold. The bars of my dungeon hissed to the touch, and the walls cracked aloud ; the keeper had opened it and fled, and I rushed out ; horror-struck beings were running to and fro, and throwing away the gold to which they had frantically clung, for it blistered in their grasp ; the streams simmered and went up in vapor ; forests and cities took fire and burned to heaven ; two armies, who a moment before were at the crisis of battle, tore off their scorching armor, and fell into each other's arms ; some howled in agony, others fainted, and all around lay pallid corpses, whose distorted faces stood out ghastly in the quivering lightning. Louder boomed the crash of worlds, and the atom-planet on which I stood seemed just ready to explode, when—I awoke !

My dream was over ; the noise and large pattering drops

of a thunder-storm had awakened me, as I lay upon the grass. I sought shelter in my room, thinking that to superior beings *our* lives may seem but a moment—Time but a summer's night ; that to the angel who shall stand upon the land and sea, and lift his awful form above the stars, our visible heavens may seem but a dew-drop, and its final conflagration but as an exhalation of the nightly distilled diamond. Then, too, the great invisible world shall stand out in its vast reality, like the earth to the affrighted atoms, under the rising Sun of Eternity.

## VON BLITZEN'S EXPERIMENT.

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It is high time that justice be done to my friend Blitzen: Certainly, it is time that the world be put in possession of a discovery, which, next to Animal Magnetism, the Water Cure, and the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, (with all of which it is intimately connected,) is the most wonderful development of the age. We need not hesitate to say, that it will speedily effect a revolution in society—in the whole economy of life—such as the world has never seen, or dreamed of seeing.

It may gratify a reasonable curiosity, as well as prepare the reader to appreciate better the claims of both the discovery and the discoverer, if I first describe the man, and relate the circumstances under which I made his acquaintance. It is also much preferable, that the scientific hints, facts, and premises, and the process of reasoning which led my friend to so marvelous results, be given in his own

words, as nearly as I can recollect them. Not to tantalize the curious, it may be remarked, however, at the outset, that Von Blitzen—BLUNDERVICH VON BLITZEN—has realized what may have occurred to many as a most desirable impossibility, namely: the instantaneous transportation of one's self to any distance, by means of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph! This, perhaps, is the most brilliant feature of the discovery, although it is accompanied with results of even more practical moment—such as a perfect realization of the ultimatum of the old Gnostic philosophers and mystic sects—complete freedom from the chains and pains of matter; the elevation of the laboring classes, and a general relief from the present faulty construction of society; and also a triumphant vindication of all fuel-saving inventions and systems of scientific starvation—not by showing their individual utility, but by surpassing, and thus dispensing with them altogether—food and fuel being, on my friend's system, no longer necessary in any shape. But to my story.

In the course of a pedestrian journey, during the summer of 1846, I had occasion to pass through an extensive tract of partially wooded and thinly inhabited land, for the purpose of saving several miles of circuitous road. Near the middle of the day, I encountered a man, whose odd appearance and singular equipments at once arrested my attention. Seemingly quite advanced in life, his long, gray hair, in part discolored to a dingy yellow, hanging over his shoulders, he was short, thick-set, and clad in a towering fur cap, and a threadbare, faded, green surtout,

buttoned to the chin. His face, full and round, bore a peculiarly benignant expression, despite a gray, scrubby beard and moustaches, while his complexion, sallow and leathery, completed the foreign, antiquated, mouldy look of his whole figure. An ancient pair of spectacles, with enormous circular glasses, clung to his little bulbous nose, unassisted by the modern side-supports ; a short German pipe, with a crooked stem and capacious bowl, capped with a brass cover, depended from his pinched-up lips ; a ponderous musket was in his hands, and an uncouth powder-flask hung upon one side, balanced on the other by a battered tin box (used, as I afterwards learned, to preserve botanical specimens) ; these, with sundry other curious receptacles suspended about him, and a stiff gauze net for entrapping insects, attached to a long staff, and looking like a countess-dowager's cap of state, completed his list of accoutrements. Enthusiastic little Blitzen ! Never shall I forget thy quaint, hearty look, although thou art now—not *dead*, indeed—but I am anticipating the sequel.

When I first beheld the solitary stranger, he was in the act of aiming his gun at the top of a dry pine (I think at a common black crow). I waited until he fired, and seeing that he was disappointed in the effect of his shot, I approached and addressed him. He replied to my salutation with great affability, and in broken English, mingled with so many German words and idioms, as to leave no doubt respecting the land of his nativity. I gradually drew from him his name and history, and found that he had

been all his life a resident of Gottingen, (where he was born and educated,) until a year or two since, when he came to this country for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity and scientific tastes. He had traveled through a part of South America, Mexico, and the Southern States, and for several months had been living in the vicinity of the spot where I found him. Our conversation then turned successively upon nearly all the departments of science, and even Phrenology and Mesmerism, in all of which he seemed quite at home, and highly enthusiastic; then we ran through some German names of note—Kant, Leibnitz, Priessnitz, Spurzheim, Hahnemann, etc.—with the history and achievements of each, and the personal appearance of some of whom, he was well acquainted. He claimed for his father-land precedence in everything, and waxed more eloquent every moment in dilating about it; in short, he seemed to be a universal genius, familiar with everything, and lauding to the skies the most contradictory theories and systems, (provided they were German,) and so sanguine, that he was ready to go off into rhapsody upon every wild, extravagant conjecture that has been, or can be, started. I came to the conclusion that he was possessed of credulity, and a passion for castle-building, amounting almost to monomania.

After we had passed several hours in this manner, our conversation happened upon the magnetic telegraph, and I remarked, that one glory is yet reserved for genius to achieve, or rather lies beyond its utmost powers, and that is, to make electricity a vehicle for ourselves, as well as

for our thoughts. The remark certainly appeared to be quite electrical in its effect upon him, for he sprang immediately to his feet, faced about, leaned eagerly towards me, and, laying one hand upon my shoulders, and taking off his antique spectacles with the other, held them at arm's length, while he puffed vigorously at his pipe, and stared at me with his merry, twinkling, gray eyes. At length he inquired, hesitatingly, if he could trust me, and receiving an affirmative reply, declared that he would reveal to me a wonderful secret, if I would follow him and never open my lips concerning what I should see or hear.

So long had we protracted our conversation, that it was now late in the afternoon; indeed, I had become so interested in my new acquaintance and his decidedly original character, and had gathered such a fund of information from him, notwithstanding his eccentricities, that I hardly noted the lapse of time. The beams of the sinking sun slanted through the forest, lighting up with transparent brilliance, or throwing into rich shade, the old trees—

“Those green-robed senators of mighty woods.”

We rose from the mossy, fallen pine-trunk, upon which we had been sitting, and having offered myself to carry a part of his scientific implements, my friend Von Blitzen filled and lighted his pipe, and taking the lead, trudged off towards his unknown home. He was, in truth, an indefatigable little man, talking incessantly all the way in a highly transcendental and often finely imaginative strain, not without forgetting himself, occasionally, and striking off into a harangue of pure German, the more unintelligi-



ble to me as I was often forced to dodge very suddenly the rebounding boughs and brushwood, through which he fearlessly and rapidly pushed his way.

At length we came to an open glade, and the sound of falling water arrested my attention. As we emerged from the wood, the open space discovered itself to be a small, narrow valley, surrounded by forest, and cradling a large stream, which fell at the upper extremity of the vale in a beautiful cascade. By the side of this, stood a ruined mill, overgrown with moss and weeds, its roof half fallen in, and the wheel, broken and crumbling, was unswung from its sockets and leaned against the building. Scattered through the valley, were two or three untenanted, decayed log-huts; the remains of a rude bridge spanned the stream; the fences were broken down, and the road so encumbered with a growth of bushes, that although I afterwards found the locality to be but four miles from the thrifty village of O——, and in a country advancing in population like our own, yet, for some reason, this incipient settlement in the heart of the forest seemed to have been abandoned for many long years.

Mynheer Von Blitzen turned to me, and pointing to the ruined mill, exclaimed, "There, sir, is my domicile and laboratory, and I assure you it is more pregnant with disaster to steam engines, materia medica, and the entire present economy of civilization, than was the wooden horse of the Greeks with disaster to the Trojans!" Nodding assent to this very luminous remark, I followed him across the stream and into the mill; we ascended a rickety flight

of stairs, and arriving at the door of a chamber, the old man pulled a concealed string which lifted a bar within, and gave us entrance. I entered and beheld a scene that verily would have rejoiced the eyes of an alchemist of the Middle Ages, or the rustiest old antiquary of modern days ; indeed, had Von Blitzen lived a few centuries ago, doubtless he would have died in search of the philosopher's stone or the alkahest, but happening upon our day most fortunately, he is destined, as will be seen, to more honorable and grateful memory. There is, after all, a spice of monomania—a tendency to wild, insane conjecture, necessary to form the great discoverer ; your safe, practical men would never have hit upon my friend Blundervich's curious theory—much less have carried it out into actual experiment. Be this as it may, I was soon comfortably ensconced in his sanctum ; it was a small apartment, dingy with smoke and dust, abundantly draped with cobwebs, filled with disorderly heaps of books, papers, minerals, dried reptiles, stuffed birds, squirrels, and one or two crocodiles—the results of my friend's American travels ; and upon rude shelves stood a variety of apparatus of private manufacture, such as a galvanic battery, formed from a detached bucket of the old mill-wheel ; and an electrical machine, constructed in part of a confectioner's glass-jar. But time forbids an extended description ; posterity must content itself with this brief notice of the man and his habitudes.

In an hour or two, by united efforts, we had built a fire in the large chimney, made of unhewn stones ; dress-

ed, fried and dispatched, with great gusto, some woodcock and pigeons—the result of Mynheer's excursions in the forest—together with farinaceous accompaniments, and several tankards of beer, the latter being of course an indispensable item to a German literatus. During all these processes, my host continued with ingenuous volubility to give me scraps of his history, especially of his wanderings in this country, concerning whose scenery, scientific treasures, and free government, he was rapturously enthusiastic; he also detailed how he had accidentally stumbled on the deserted mill, while hunting in the woods; how, fancying the idea of a temporary hermit's life in this great wilderness, (for such he considered the whole country) and also the better to conduct some experiments, on which he had long been pondering, he had taken possession of the chamber, and moved several capacious trunks-full of his effects hither; how the flume of the mill, by a little repairing, would assist admirably in his intended experiments in hydropathy, which science he was about to carry to unprecedented perfection, so as to make it not only a panacea for all human ills, but also a mighty step into a higher civilization and an earthly immortality; how, finally, fearing some accident might befall himself or his abode, he had long wished for a trusty, sympathizing friend, to whom he could unveil the secret of his retreat and his profound plans of operation. In fact, my eccentric host, having almost entirely shut himself out from the society of his species for a long time, seemed to have accumulated an inexhaustible fund of conversation, the relieving himself of

which cost him no further effort than to put his tongue for once in motion.

The night, although in September, proved chill and stormy ; we renewed the not unwelcome fire, and, supplied each with a meerschaum, which Mynheer had brought from his father-land, and abundant store of the fragrant weed, procured far in the sunny South by himself, we threw ourselves back at our ease in roomy arm-chairs which my good philosopher, with a regard to luxury quite inconsistent with his amateur hermit-life, had constructed of loose boards, and lined with rich buffalo robes—trophies of a tour of his on the western prairies.

And now did the immortal BLUNDERVICH VON BLITZEN first pause in portentous silence, and giving a few slow, magnificent puffs at his pipe, prepare to disclose the great secret of his soul—a revelation for which I had waited with continually sharpening curiosity. He began with a lengthy, formal eulogium on Mesmer, the father of the science of Animal Magnetism, and passed from him to Priessnitz, the great doctor of Grafenberg ; after dwelling long and magniloquently on their achievements, he struck off into metaphysics, and grew so animated and transcendental at every puff of his meerschaum, that I could get little more than a confused impression of his meaning. I would gladly give his discourse verbatim, but it has vanished from my memory like a gorgeous dream or sunset cloud, leaving only a meager residuum. He proceeded to state—and you must allow a half-hour for his own elaboration of each statement—that the principle of life is elec-

tricity, or magnetism, or electro-magnetism ; that the thinking principle or soul inhabits this, and through it acts upon the muscular system ; that this connection of the immaterial conscious essence with the most subtile form of matter—magnetism—gives to the latter defined form, permanency and inseperable cohesion, while it still leaves it the elastic property of the fluid as generated by artificial apparatus ; that death is a separation of the pure thinking principle from the mass or body of magnetism, taking from it its permanent and internally cohesive property, and leaving it in the muscular structure, ever after to be divisible and evanescent, like the same fluid in its free state, uncompounded with mind,—in fact, entering into that state ; that nothing now remains but to anticipate our dissolution by carefully separating or eliminating the entire cohesive mass of individual magnetism, thus keeping that and the soul in indissoluble connection, whereas, in the common course of things, there must eventually be a violent disruption of them, the escaping soul being unable to segregate the magnetic or fluid body from the deceased muscular and osseous body ; that this separation of the two, leaving the soul still connected with the former, may be gradually and successfully accomplished by a long-continued subjection to the “douche bath” employed in the Water Cure—in other words by exposing one’s self to a stream of water, falling from a spout in the ceiling of a room, until every particle of the gross body of nerves, blood, flesh and bones, is worn away and carried off by the action of water, leaving the magnetic fluid body free, yet associated with the mind ;

that in this state we can assume any shape when passing through conducting substances, but will invariably return to a form similar to that of our present visible bodies, while free to assume that form in a non-conducting receptacle, so that we can be elongated to a thread-like linear condition in passing through telegraphic wire, and be received at the termination of the wire in an air-tight, flexible shell, armor, dress, or bag, composed of a non-conductor,—for instance, pasteboard, silk, cotton, hair, india rubber, or glass,—the armor or sack being of the human shape, so that the magnetic body may just fill and be fitted to it, and thus move about and act upon external matter as now ; the fluid body, by its association with the conscious, voluntary soul, still retaining its motive, active powers !

The profound Von Blitzen was now fairly *in nubibus*, and, throwing back his head, and puffing away more vehemently than ever, he launched into a glowing picture of the world, when our diseased, dying, and, with all the miracles of steam, slow-traveling race should be freed and washed clean of these aching bodies, and jumping instantaneously through the magnetic telegraph to any conceivable distance at pleasure ; he even suggested that we might possibly be able to travel to and from the sun and stars, through the magnetic ray of light detected by the prism. He considered india rubber shells or dresses, moreover, better and more durable than any other non-conductor,—perhaps, as they had recently, in Europe, invented malleable glass, that substance might be made sufficiently ductile and elastic, and, if so, a whole crowd would be perfectly transpa-

rent, and no man be in another's light ; and then he would have a great quantity and variety of these suits of armor, or rather artificial bodies, at every telegraph office, to receive the spiritualized passengers, there to be left also when they departed through the wires ; and then, too, we might have artificial palates and lungs for talking, or one person might pass directly into another's hollow body, thus intermingling and interchanging thought by silent, immediate, *felt* communion,—certainly, with glass eyes, we should have no difficulty in seeing, as the soul is alone truly and all sensitive ; and as for the other senses, such powers would be for the most part superfluous, having no more occasion for fuel, food, nor, indeed, sleep ! Upon this, his thoughts returned to himself, and feeling, doubtless, that he had justly earned immortal fame by so splendid and benevolent a discovery, he exclaimed, “ Ah, how will posterity then regard *me* ? ” Glad of some relief to an incontrollable sense of the ludicrous that had gradually crept over me, I sprang to my feet, and, seizing his hand, shouted, “ Immortal Von Blitzen ! immortal Von Blitzen ! ”

Reassured by applause, our philosopher struck off at a fresh gallop upon Leibnitz' theory of monads, and Boscovich's conjecture that matter is only a congeries of attracting points, asserting his belief that these immaterial monads or points might be made perfectly mobile, so that any body could be drawn out into a mathematical line, for convenience in telegraphic transportation ; or, otherwise, that any substance, merchandise, houses, even sphinxes, obelisks and the Pyramids, as well as men and animals, might

be subjected to his thorough-going Water Cure, and become so clarified from gross matter, so liquefied, or rather etherealized, as to be easily run through the electro-magnetic telegraph, and afterwards, returning by some occult law to their original shape, be re-endued with their visible and tangible properties by a possible process yet undiscovered, — a process similar to that of petrification, only more rapid. At this point, from the reaction of my long-sustained and now both gratified and disappointed curiosity, as well as in consequence of the lateness of the hour and the fatiguing influences of the day, I fairly laughed myself asleep.

The sun had long been shining through chinks in the crazy old building, when I awoke and proceeded to arouse Mynheer Von Blitzen, who had probably talked himself asleep long after I became unconscious, and was now snoring away at as persevering and glorious a rate as he had talked. We breakfasted on cold pigeon and biscuit, and before I resumed my journey, my host, as voluble concerning his great projects as on the night before, showed me the apparatus by which he intended to carry them into effect. It consisted of a branch from the repaired flume of the mill, leading into his room, where it protruded from the ceiling and was stopped by a facet; this was his inexhaustible “douche bath,” which, by its continued action, was to disintegrate his visible from his magnetic inner body. Beneath this stood a large box, in which he was to sit exposed to the falling stream; the bottom was perforated with holes to admit the escape of the water and of his material structure, as fast as it was worn away; from this, ran a



conducting wire, to receive his fluid body, so soon as it was wholly emancipated from the flesh; the wire was stretched upon glass knobs in the walls, and, passing several times around the room, (to make the experiment more satisfactory, and give greater variety to his first telegraphic journey,) terminated in a suit of armor or artificial body, which was to take the place of his troublesome flesh and bones. This was simply a hollow pasteboard shell—a facsimile of himself—jointed together with hinges of silk, (a non-conductor like the paper) and having glass eyes, wherefrom the etherealized Blitzen could look abroad; it was also lined with tinfoil throughout, like a Leyden jar,—our experimenter not yet being certain whether the freed and soul-inhabited body of human magnetism would expand to its original shape in its former animal body, or would betake itself to surfaces, like common electricity.

After examining all these with a believing and interested air, I bade my good friend adieu, promising to be at the mill just four months therefrom, by which time he calculated his experiment would be completed, so that he would be able to receive me in his glorified, pasteboard state.

“Ah! my fond philosopher,” thought I, “your douche bath will give you a damper—a chilling dissuasion from your foolhardy purpose, long before you can carry it into execution.” Ah! little did I appreciate the self-denying and quenchless courage of the devoted Von Blitzen, or think that I had shaken his honest fleshy hand for the last time! Nevertheless, as the months slipped away, I

could not but fancy him sitting patiently under his cold, hard-pouring bath, and gradually dissected by the sharp, cutting torrent—first denuded of his epidermis, next his muscles and veins laid bare and ghastly as a manikin, then a mere fibrous mass of nerves and ligaments, then a skeleton, and, at last, every bone washed away, leaping ecstatically through the conducting wires of his telegraph.

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The snow was upon the ground, and sprinkled over the leafless forest-trees, when, punctual to my engagement, I turned aside from a journey through the same region, to visit the ruined mill. As I approached it alone, on a bright winter evening, I saw that the snow was untrodden in the little secluded valley and around the building, and I trembled to think that my worthy friend might long since have been frozen to death, or perished by some fatal accident. A cold tremor crept over me as I unbarred the chamber door, and, catching the sound of falling water, stepped into the chill, silent apartment; then, turning around, I distinguished one after another the chests, specimens, apparatus and furniture, in the same state that I saw them four months before. Finally, with a shudder, I cast a look into the perforated box, beneath the douche bath; the water was pouring furiously down, and in a mass of foam at the bottom—lay the poor man's antique spectacles!

The thought flashed through my mind that the dauntless Von Blitzen had fulfilled his resolution, and involun-

tarily I looked around to find him standing in his artificial body. I was not disappointed, for at that instant he advanced from a corner of the room—positively advanced, not in his once venerable and merry-looking flesh and blood, but in the pasteboard shell, his step easy and firm, his glass eyes glowing with a blue, inner, electric light, and the paper breast and sides heaving and shaking, as if his spiritualized body were convulsed with laughter. I staggered with terror against the wall.

Of my gradual recovery and feelings long tumultuous, I leave imagination to supply the detail, while I hasten to the conclusion of this most veritable disclosure. I was soon on the same familiar terms with this great modern discoverer, though not without a double awe from sitting in the presence of such a genius, and so metamorphosed and embodied. The figure, after extending its hollow hand and pressing mine with silent congratulation, sat down and wrote some paragraphs to the effect that he (Von B.) had just substituted a few inches of small hair-wire, at a certain point in the telegraph, for the purpose of ascertaining through how small a conductor he could pass in his present state, having accomplished an instantaneous transit through the large wire when first freed, the day before, from his former gross body ; also informing me that he had prepared another artificial body (connected with one end of the wire) into which, after making the tour of the chamber—in fact passing five times around—he would enter, leaving the armor he then inhabited to collapse and fall, immediately on his darting into the end of the telegraph. Curi-

ous to see this sudden change of place and dress, or rather body, I watched him as he passed the nearest end of the wire through the silken joints of his paper fingers; in an instant his first receptacle collapsed; the corresponding one at the other extremity was not moved and inflated by his presence; no, the bit of intervening hair-wire upon the opposite wall, through which he trusted safely to pass, at the self-same instant glowed with white heat—melted—dropped! I seized the light and ran to the spot; an upright beam of wood in the wall at that point was scorched and shivered to the floor; I ran down into the lower apartment; the same terrible effect was visible to the very ground, which, ploughed up a little way from the beam, lay all beyond undisturbed beneath the moonlit snow! The daring philosopher had involuntarily escaped beyond recovery; he had perished a sacrifice to science. Of course a Coroner's inquest was entirely out of the question.

## LEGEND OF THE LONE ISLAND.

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A FEW summers since, a friend and myself were walking on the shore of Cayuga Lake, nearly opposite the small island that lies several miles above the outlet, and faces the thriving village of Union Springs. It is a circular plot of ground, bordered with trees and rocks, a half mile from the main land, and lends a very picturesque variety to this part of the Lake. We were armed with stone-hammers and baskets, and had undertaken the excursion for the purpose of collecting specimens of rocks and fossils—a pursuit for which my companion has an unbounded enthusiasm that often expressed itself in extravagant exclamations and gestures of joy, whenever he stumbled on an unusually perfect fragment of the various delicate petrifications that abound in the limestone of the region.

My mineralogical friend is a thorough theorist, with all the hypotheses of world-builders at his tongue's end, and,

as it appeared to me, disposed to give unlimited credence to the most wild or contradictory suppositions. Like many men of similar tastes, he is very skeptical concerning any supernatural explanation of things, and therefore he must indemnify himself for his unbelief in the common and reverent notions of people, by yielding to a ready superstition in all the far more visionary theories of the scientific: indeed, it may be set down as a curious truth that the man of science—the dealer in “facts”—the stern questioner of Nature—is often more credulous than the ignorant. Having myself little passion for his favorite study, I was, at the moment, contending earnestly against his notions of the earth’s creation, when we suddenly happened upon an old man, sitting by the water’s edge. He held in his hand a fishing rod, but it lay idly in the water, and he was intently gazing in the direction of the island, so that our approach was unnoticed until we shouted close by his deaf ears. Starting from his reverie, he entered into conversation, and before we left him, furnished some information which may be put in the form of a connected narrative.

“I came into this country,” said he, “just before the white settlements were planted here; having ingratiated myself with the natives, I learned their language, lived according to their modes, and hunted and trapped from the Mohawk to Lake Erie. It is sixty years ago this season, since I came to this lake to winter with the Cayugas; and just as you happened along, I was thinking of a tradition, told me

by the Indian medicine-man, concerning that little island yonder.

He said that the Cayugas and the Senecas, a great many snows gone by, were at war. The latter tribe had trespassed on the fishing ground of the former, and killed some of the Cayugas in the ensuing quarrel, whereupon a general contest arose.

The head-chief of the Cayugas was too aged and infirm to join a warlike expedition; and therefore he, with his beautiful daughter Ulola, remained, with the women and children of the tribe, at home, while all the warriors left to go around by the outlet, and make a midnight attack on the Seneca village; they were to lurk in the woods and seize the first opportunity.

Meantime the boldest warrior of the enemy, with a few young comrades who wished to distinguish themselves in battle, unaware of the Cayuga expedition, came across the lake in canoes at night, and finding the camp undefended, fell upon it, and slaughtered many of the inhabitants. The old chief hurried away, only stopping to look in vain for his daughter. At sunrise, he reconnoitered the camp, and finding the enemy gone, he returned with fearful presages of the death of the maiden; but what was his surprise after all the fugitives were collected, to discover no trace of Ulola.

At sunset, the next day, the villagers were suddenly attracted by the sight of a boat leaving the opposite shore, and, soon after, another, as if in pursuit. As they neared this side, the aged chief saw that the second gained on the

first, and it was not long before he recognized Ulola in the latter, together with a young brave who was betrothed to her, and who now rapidly made known to the father, by signs, that he had rescued the maiden from the Seneca camp, and was pursued by the same chief who had carried her away the night previous. It was only after the Cayuga's paddle broke in his grasp, that he signified this by those gestures so well understood among the Indians. So soon as the old man saw that all hope of escape had failed, agonized at the danger of his daughter, he raised his trembling hands to heaven, and silently prayed. Instantly the Cayuga canoe, with its lovely freight, was gently lifted from the water by an unseen power, and sailed safely through the air towards the shore ; and as suddenly the sky was darkened—a deafening roar and splash in the water were heard : and, when all had subsided, the pursuers were not to be seen, the lovers were in the arms of the old chief, and yonder island, for the first time, appeared above the surface. The Great Spirit had heard the prayer, torn that island from the hills, cast it into the lake, and buried the revengeful Seneca warrior beneath it.

The old fisherman here ceased, only adding fervently : “and I believe it ; the Indian traditions are as true as their word ; their legends are faithfully handed down from father to son, through centuries.”

“Fudge !” said my geological friend, pounding a boulder with his hammer,—“and yet there might have been some foundation for the story ; a meteoric stone may have fallen, and the swell raised thereby, have upset a light ea-



noe—such stones have fallen weighing thousands of pounds. And as for the island, it is evident from indications at the head of the lake, that the water long ago subsided from its original height by many feet, so that, about the time referred to, it is quite possible the island may have made its appearance, by reason of the decrease of the water.”

It would have been a waste of breath, to answer such a man in any other words than those of Campbell—

“When Science from Creation’s face  
Enchantment’s veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place,  
To cold material laws.”

## MOULTING OF MIND.

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In all the forms of nature, we see change, progress, transition. The earth itself passed through chaotic, volcanic, and various preparatory states, before it reached its highest organizations. And now, in the animal world, we see the moulting processes by which the bird casts its feathers, the serpent its slough, the deer his horns. In the human body, there are growth and changes corresponding somewhat to this ; and it is reasonable to think that there is a successive development, also, of the faculties of the mind. To some degree, we observe and are conscious of it, as an actual fact ; but men do not seem to regard it as a natural and necessary one, and to adapt our systems of early culture accordingly. It appears to be generally taken for granted, that any one or all of the mental capabilities can be developed in infancy, and thus on through early and later youth. This wrong assumption is perhaps the secret of the "forcing systems" of past and present times.

It is the unluckiest moment of more than one urchin's life, when, at the frolicking age of seven, having got the sing-song inflections of certain Latin nouns and verbs in his head, by overhearing others recite them, he suddenly astonishes his friends by repeating whole declensions of "musa," "hie," and "amo;" from that hour the little pedant is forced to personate a childish cobbler, with a Latin grammar for a lapstone, or a plaster Cupid, gazing intently on a plaster book, making really no more progress for years, than the first could be supposed to make in geology, or the last in literature. Of course, a hearty disgust is conceived for all books, including even those fairy tales, adventures, and travels, which are as much the proper food for small people, as tops and hoops are their suitable playthings instead of saws, spades, and ploughs. Such an unfortunate being seldom awakes to the necessity of thoroughly fitting himself for college; or if, a year or two before that long anticipated event, he does arouse to the work, he may well say with Æneas—"You renew my grief, O Queen." He has slept away his childhood over unsuitable books, and will sleep away his collegehood over the same, when the proper time to study them has come; and, besides, having never had time and encouragement to exhaust the glorious fields of choice, juvenile romance, he has still the ungratified yearnings of a child, and will plunge indiscriminately into the sea of popular fiction.

Happily there is now a growing conviction, that a boy ought never to look into a Latin or Greek grammar or lex-

icon, until two or three years before he enters the university ; then he will take them up freshly, and with a zest that will outweigh any minor disadvantages of postponing so long his direct preparation. We want no drilling Blimbers and idiotic Toots—no more of the obsolete “ hot-house system.” There are natural and successive, transitional states of the growing mind. There is, first, the age of impressions—of fleeting images, when the jumbled words of Mother Goose’s Melodies are as good as anything ; nay, even then, the imagination—that most divine faculty—may be nourished, as well as quickness of perception, which is the first power to be acquired ; the infant eye may be taught to “ glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,” as it, in fancy, follows the old woman “ sweeping the sky,” the cow jumping “ over the moon,” and the man “ into a barberry bush.” Then comes the period of pure fancy, (the brain being still too weak to tax the memory much,) and the child should wander at will in all the Arcadian scenes of romance, and load itself with the wealth of all beautiful things ; let the “ Arabian Nights,” “ Gulliver,” &c., be the text-books,—afterwards veritable travels and biography. As youth dawns and advances, and the wayward fancy of childhood gives place to higher thoughts and stronger power of retention, history and poetry will best meet the intellectual want. Thus, a world-wide curiosity being in a measure sated, and thought awakened, it will be time enough to unfold the necessity and use of drier and severer studies—to enter on language and the middle branches of mathematics, taking it for granted that

common school books have been mastered, at any time during the long previous period. The end, the use of things, must be, to some extent, seen and felt, before the means—the indispensable disciplinary branches of study, can be appreciated ; and it is better that reflection and fancy be germinated before, than simultaneously with these ; the attention will be less diverted. Until these powers are more or less developed, the boy is an animal—nothing human but the form ; and an animal cannot be a true linguist or mathematician, however it may learn to repeat “ dead vocables,” as Carlyle calls them. The *man*, when at last *born* in College, of course makes a desperate dive for the Libraries ; before that, he might as well have been a quadruped, and eaten grass. Nor need it be feared that the mind will become dissipated in childhood by “ light” reading, (which is surely better than *dark* reading) ; at worst, better be it dissipated, than have none to dissipate ; or first get one at college, to become so afterwards. Let children be children, and then men will be men.

This then would be our successive genesis of mind, were there room to develop it—first perception, then fancy, next memory, and lastly reason—an order that is exactly inverted so far as our observation goes ; children are made to begin as philosophers and come out, in the end, fools.

The same remarks will apply to the study of the sciences. It is the boast of our day that the child is familiar with the results of a life of philosophical investigation—that a school-boy is wise as Newton. Every thing is simplified ; Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, and Mental, Moral,

and Natural Philosophy are taught in nice little primers. But has not many a man regretted that he ever heard of the ologies—the sciences, before he took up Olmsted, Lyell, Stewart, and Upham? All the freshness of a new field of knowledge is gone, before he comes to his Academical and Collegiate *vade mecums*; and a conceit of knowledge is generated, when, in fact, the “outlines” and “elements” are not at all mastered. The prevailing system in common schools and academies may be well enough for those who are not designed for the university; but for those who are, we beg that every thing come in its own order. Let not an infant be required to “stand up and tell the gentleman what he *knows* ;” let it tell what it sees and hears; let the child tell you a story—the youth what of men and things he has read; in later youth, let him conjugate and translate; let the Junior talk of sciences, and the Senior analyze, generalize, and grow exceeding wise concerning “the Will,” “volitions,” and “subjective and objective states.” There is a time for everything. Above all, there must be time for physical development; and so that a strong manhood be knit and hardened, it matters but little, comparatively, what finds lodgment in the head. In urging the foregoing considerations, our chief point is, that such a range of thought be opened to the mind as may be homogeneous to its years and the distinguishing capacity of its several periods; not a higher range, however it may be lowered and simplified to the comprehension. And perhaps the soul’s own sentiment, if left free and supplied

with the means, will direct better than any formal system. There may be more uniform and universal education at this day, but it is doubtful whether many minds are now suffered to expand into their full stature and native proportions. We "grow" them, and therefore do not let them grow.

And as for the imagination, often so carefully repressed, it can be proved to be the most important and lofty power of the soul—the faculty that makes all acquisitions our own, leads on to discoveries, projects itself in business schemes, and gives shape and life to the driest mental productions that yet are of organic growth. It is not the dreaming power alone; nor the exclusive gift of creative genius. It is both the steam and engineer of the whole mental machine; and this truth will yet be appreciated.

In connection with this subject, we have a thought or two on systems of reading. We have known several exemplary young men, who, from boyhood, religiously followed a line of reading prescribed by some benevolent parent, guardian, teacher, or pastor, and, afterwards, by a professor or president; and sure we are, it extinguished every spark, if ever they had any, of liberality and originality. They are now not producers, nor hardly manufacturers of thought, though moving in professional life; mere buyers and sellers of second-hand ideas, they cannot affirm that they have a soul of their own. We cannot look at them as living men of flesh and blood, but only as walking broad-cloth satchels filled with "Index Rerums" and "Elegant Extracts;" and we are, every moment, in nervous expectation of seeing their buttons fly off, and the whole effigy of

a man tumble into a ruinous heap of text-books. There are only two legitimate ways to read ; one is to read up, or "cram" on some subject, concerning which the curiosity is excited, or the individual intends to write ; the other plan (and it must be followed in all odd hours) is, to have no plan, but *browse* upon the printed leaves. In both of these ways, and these only—will the ideas of an author "bite in" the mind, and remain fixed, like an etching on a copper-plate ; and by the first mode, especially, will thought be fused and become incorporated with the mind, so as to be "living and ductile," the mind's own. A bare course of reading does not excite the mind's activities ; only fills it with lumber.



## THE UNIVERSE OF SPIRIT.

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WE live in a world of sights, sounds, and surfaces. We awake in the morning, and look forth on this familiar earth; the same hills and trees, the same streets and spires, the same homes and friends, are all here even as yesterday; the buzz of life arouses about us, and the world and we move on together, until another hour of rest returns, and we sink again into the oblivion of slumber. So goes a day; so goes a life. At intervals, indeed, our thoughts wander over the round earth; we think of other lands,—lands of tropical suns, or arctic snows; we think of far-off mountains, towering and mist-encircled; we think of the sleeping silver or the heaving sapphire of distant seas. Night glooms on, and the same cold moon sails along the sky; the same stars are all out, fixed in the blue dome above.

Sometimes we pause and wonder at those countless

worlds. We call to mind the revelations of modern science, and endeavor to grasp and realize some of its vast conceptions. We push off, in fancy, those giant suns—off to where they should be, and yet appear the mere needle-points they seem; we call up their viewless planets, and *their* viewless satellites, moving in mighty procession around each faint, trembling star. Then, perhaps, we glance over the whole sparkling heaven; we summon up the other starry hemisphere below our horizon,—far down beneath this solid globe, and, completing the enormous sphere, we just begin to realize that we too are standing on a little star, and swinging free in immensity! But we cannot stop here; when we have launched into infinity, we must yield ourselves to the dizzy impetus. We must go out, in telescopic vision, far beyond our natural sight, until we have past the last shining sentinel of *our* firmament of suns, and then, gathering up this mass of single fixed stars in one superhuman grasp, dash them behind us as a small, insignificant cluster, while we whirl away toward those thousand other scattered firmaments, which now appear, through the most powerful instruments even, like glittering dust or shreds of luminous vapor.

But why pursue this flight? We have often winged along this fearful track, as upon the “wings of the morning;” we have often mounted toward that awful Throne, where One sits in a centre which knows no circumference. We have wheeled close to those suns and sun-lit worlds, which teem with life and luxuriance, and resound with melody. But, in all this, we only live a few moments in

a universe of sense, even, as before remarked, we daily live in a world of sense. And are these objects all? Must we return from these heavenward flights, as if we had beheld every kind of creation? Granting that this world is a specimen, in many respects, of other worlds; granting that those other worlds are endlessly multiplied and reach on forever; still, has Omnipotent Love and Wisdom gone forth in no other manner than in building, adorning, and peopling a visible, material universe? Have we no other mysterious volume to open, after we have read this familiar page—after we have wandered even through the whole infinite library of created worlds?—a library of which every star is a gold-clasped volume, the solar systems its alcoves, its galleries firmaments of suns, and its halls the boundless planetary spaces.

Yes, there is such a volume, just as vast, and still more incomprehensible. A heavy clasp is upon it, which the iron hand of Death only can break. But, its Almighty Author has in many ways, dimly, yet surely, foreshadowed to us its wonderful contents. He has made frequent allusions to that volume in another,—in his written Word, which is a lamp to our feet in this darkling path, but across whose clear, steady beam there often flit the shadowy forms of a spirit-universe. Not only do we read in the inspired histories of God's dealings with men, and the rise and fall of human monarchies; not only do we hear the tramp of earth's embattled hosts, or the solemn responses of covenanting Israel; not only do we see the flashings of Sinai, or the scenes of Calvary; but all along, from Gene-

sis to Revelations, we catch the rustle of angelic wings, the faint echo of a warfare among principalities and powers in heavenly places ; and we are startled at the muffled tread of the Tempter and his cohorts of fallen angels—once with Christ, we behold him, “ as lightning fall from heaven !” We are told of ministering spirits, of legions of demons, of re-appearing saints, of swift messengers and flaming heralds, whose number is “ ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands.” So, often, do supernatural beings mingle in the scenes of Holy Record ; so often do we get glimpses of their long array and vanishing ranks, that we may rest assured that the unseen tenants of this atmosphere are more in number than the men who breathe it ; nay, that there is a universe of spirit co-extensive with the universe of matter.

But Revelation has not given us the only intimations of this vast, unknown system of life and intelligence, pervading the naturalist’s earth and the astronomer’s heavens. It is not necessary now to prove, as can easily be done, that it is possible that such beings, possessed of a true corporeity, of a refined nature, but of surpassing physical powers, may exist all around us, unknown to mortal ear or eye. Those invisible, intangible substances in nature, whose inconceivable force is a matter of daily observation, are sufficient analogies. There is something which sports with weight and ponderous bodies as with a feather or a phantom, laughs at time and space, and hurls scorn at the mightiest mechanical inventions : but that something cannot itself be grasped and held up to the human eye ; it can-

not be perceived by any sense. So may other material forms and embodied intelligencies, capable of a velocity of movement, and wielding a degree of power transcending the miracles of magnetism and electricity, make a world of lofty action and enjoyment about us, and yet remain uncognizable to the human senses.

They may exist, and that they do, it is only necessary to look at God's creation so far as it is already perceptible. Shall the all-wise and benevolent Power have crowded every drop of water, every acre of the ocean, every ounce of our blood, the surface and every pore of our bodies, and all substances with a swarming microscopic life, and shall He have left the boundless air, the long tracks of space, the interminable vistas of infinity, mere wastes and deserts, unpeopled, unproductive, save where, here and there, a planet is thrown in like a solitary oasis. Even the deserts of earth are no wastes; they are the palace floors of the outlawed, but free and kingly Arab. No, there are no *solitudes* on earth, or in the waters under the earth, or in high heaven. Yonder blue, sunny depths, the interspaces between the planets—those seemingly empty saloons, lit up with their starry chandeliers, are not void, cheerless, uninhabitable vacancies; they are not vast Dead Seas of space, where no beauty and life can have its element.

The very vibrations of that light which reveals to us the glowing skies—those vibrations which roll their tides of effulgence across from one planetary shore to another—evince a material medium or fluid suffused through all space—a medium which all analogy pronounces to be as

densely peopled as the spinning spheres it buoys up and binds together ; and peopled, too, with beings of superhuman intellect and power, who interest themselves in the affairs of all worlds ; beings of Christ-like compassion or Satanic malignity, who wage a war, the stake whereof is the human soul ; beings who encamp around about the sacramental host of earth, or whisper blasphemy into the ready ear, and lay fearful snares and stratagems for unguarded feet.

These analogies are sufficient ; the Bible testimony is sufficient. It is enough, too, to ask, where have the spirits of the departed gone ? Have those who timely returned to their loyalty to God, realized none of the noblest aspirations of the human intellect ? Are they imprisoned in some solar or lunar Paradise, who, even in this life, were permitted to push the firm outposts of science far into infinity, and who yearned to behold more manifestations of the perfections of their adored Creator throughout his wide domains ? These instincts are not to be set at nought ; they are another written word of God. The whole universe may be the christian's heaven, and the redeemed souls of sixty centuries may now be reveling in those illimitable fields of wonder and praise, in company with the higher orders of spiritual being.

But these are not our only instincts ; man not only feels that he is to have a part in the great range of creation, which his God-given powers have so far penetrated and measured ; but there is also a deep, universal persuasion that an unseen but real world exists all about us. We may not think of it in any very definite form, and if any definite

form is thought of, it may be only a fancy. But the general fact is engraven in our very mental constitution.

The images of supernatural beauty and terror, that flit past us in our moments of solitary meditation, have a cause beyond the accidental grouping of previous conceptions. However fanciful their combinations, they nevertheless point, with the sure finger of instinct, both to a more terrible and a fairer scene than this. We are not competent to conceive of more awful or glorious possibilities than our Creator has already achieved in reality. The superstitious wonders and fears of men have a voice; the infernal and the celestial picturings of the imagination have a voice. When we cast a shuddering glance behind us in a lonely, nightly walk, when we close our eyes only to look upon a train of fearful images, it is but a foreshadowing of a stern reality, upon which we are yet to gaze either as spectators or participants.

The brighter universe of spirit, also, has its trembling reflection in the mirror of the soul. When we drink in a tide of gushing song or instrumental melody, how are we wafted away upon those waves of sound, as into a heaven of another and brighter glory than that of suns, or moons, or stars. When we behold the gorgeous bow spanning a vanishing storm; or when we stand upon the quaking altar of a cataract, and watch its misty incense ascending like archangelic drapery to the sky, how does the soul struggle as if to snap its chains and spring forth into infinity; what visions of beauty, power, majesty, surpassing anything we know of earth or planet, break upon the soul. While we

contemplate the curious forms and dazzling tints of sunset-clouds, with their far-reaching recesses and long perspective of unearthly grandeur, and trace out with ravished eye those towers of silver, Alps of amethyst, and seas of sapphire, we do not instinctively reach forward to that hidden universe of purer matter, nobler intellect, grander shapes, which now, for a time, unconsciously to us, is interlocked with this initiatory one of grosser form and substance. Yes, could our eyes now be empowered to behold the vast spiritual realm which, doubtless, occupies all space about us, unprepared as our weak senses are for the terrific beauty of such a disclosure, we would be overwhelmed with the blinding glory of so many seraphic forms pausing or hovering over us, or, in their quick transit hither and thither, seeming like interlaced threads of lightning—near us, broad, vivid, and distinct, but fading into an even glow beyond—far beyond where we could not single out one of those wings of radiant light, which, if they were dense enough to beat the common air, would give forth a continuous peal as of a thousand blended Niagaras. And the time speeds apace, when the strong vision of the disembodied spirit, and afterward, the strong eye of the risen body, shall behold the unseen and eternal, as clearly and vividly as the natural eye now reflects, and the telescopic lens now transmits, the seen and temporal. The universe of Astronomy then will be the dream—the universe of Faith, the reality.



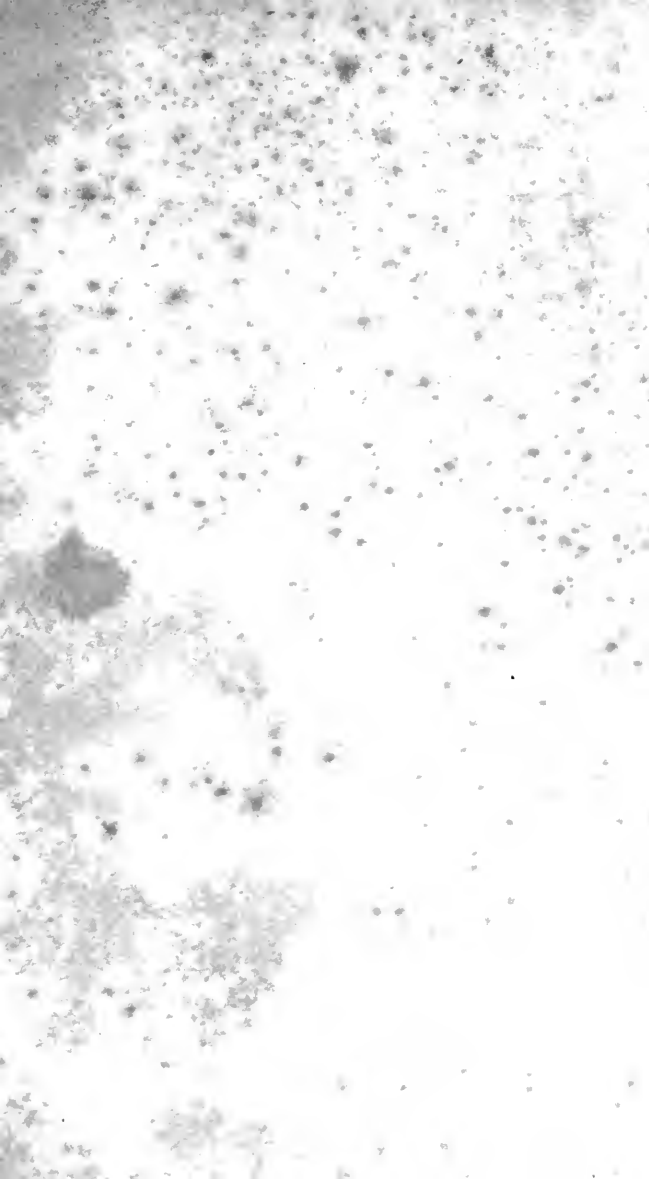














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